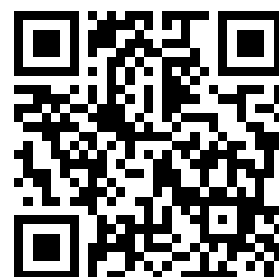


---

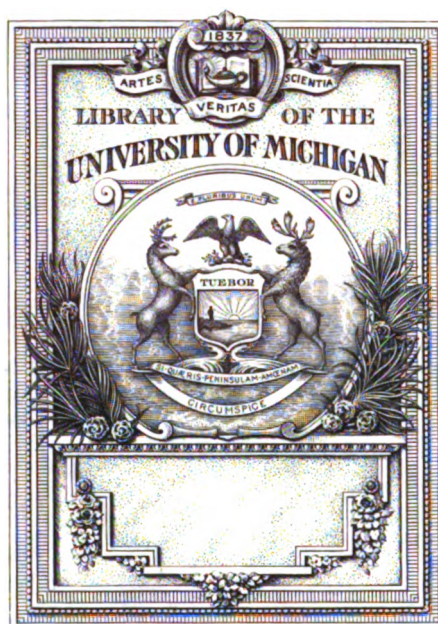
This is a reproduction of a library book that was digitized by Google as part of an ongoing effort to preserve the information in books and make it universally accessible.

Google<sup>TM</sup> books

<https://books.google.com>











# **The University Press Shakespeare**



---

THE COMPLETE WORKS OF  
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE  
IN FORTY VOLUMES

---

*Editor's Autograph Edition*

---

LIMITED TO TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY SETS  
FOR SALE IN AMERICA AND ENGLAND  
OF WHICH THIS IS NUMBER



*The Cambridge Text and the Globe Glossary are used in this edition through the courtesy of the Messrs. Macmillan.*

*The annotations at the foot of the page are intended to explain difficult phrases or allusions. Single words, which are no longer in common use, appear only in the glossary, which is printed in Volume XL.*

*The numbering of the lines follows that of the Cambridge Edition.*





COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY THE UNIVERSITY PRESS.



---

THE COMPLETE WORKS OF  
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

WITH ANNOTATIONS AND  
A GENERAL INTRODUCTION  
BY SIDNEY LEE

---

VOLUME XIX

---

KING HENRY VI—PART III

WITH A SPECIAL INTRODUCTION BY ADOLPHUS WILLIAM WARD  
AND AN ORIGINAL FRONTISPIECE BY GERALD MOIRA



---

NEW YORK GEORGE D. SPROUL MCMVII

---

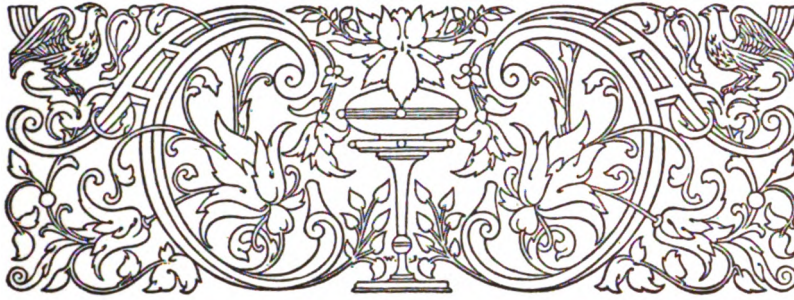
YORK. "She-moff of France."  
ACT I. SCENE IV. line III.





Copyright, 1900, by the University of Chicago Press

ACT I, SCENE IV, line 111.



---

THE COMPLETE WORKS OF  
**WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE**

WITH ANNOTATIONS AND  
A GENERAL INTRODUCTION  
BY SIDNEY LEE

---

VOLUME XIX

---

**KING HENRY VI—PART III**

WITH A SPECIAL INTRODUCTION BY ADOLPHUS WILLIAM WARD  
AND AN ORIGINAL FRONTISPIECE BY GERALD MOIRA



---

NEW YORK **GEORGE D. SPROUL** MCMVII

---

Spec. Coll. L.  
94  
2134  
1242  
1237  
1119  
Cambridge

Ben Great  
Southern  
S-25-24  
10102

*Copyright, 1907*  
**By THE UNIVERSITY PRESS**  
Entered at Stationers' Hall, London  
All Rights Reserved

**THE UNIVERSITY PRESS, CAMBRIDGE, U.S.A.**

## CONTENTS

	PAGE
INTRODUCTION TO KING HENRY VI, PART III, BY ADOLPHUS WILLIAM WARD . . . .	ix
TEXT OF THE PLAY . . . . .	1







## INTRODUCTION



THE "Third Part of Henry VI," which carries on the action without a break from that of the Second Part, follows the "True Tragedie of Richard Duke of Yorke, and the Death of Good King Henrie the Sixt," so closely that the alterations contained in the later play may be said to consist only of details, and of the insertion of additional speeches or parts of speeches. The narrative of the "True Tragedie" itself is derived from Halle and Holinshed ; a single detail, the knighting of Prince Edward, being apparently taken from Stowe, the single instance of any importance in which he is directly utilised in either of the two old plays. Several incidents in the "True Tragedie" occur in Holinshed only, — viz., the oath imposed on York (Act I, sc. i, ll. 196–201); the mention of Lord Cobham (*ib.*, sc. ii, l. 85); the mole-hill on which Richard of York is made to stand (*ib.*, sc. iv, l. 67), and the taunts addressed to him. The other mole-hill, on which King Henry afterwards meditates (Act II, sc. v, l. 14), is not,

[ ix ]

### THE THIRD PART OF KING HENRY VI

however, in the "True Tragedie." Holinshed, too, points out that the Lancastrians lost all the battles at which Henry was present (Act II, sc. ii, l. 73, and "True Tragedie").

From Halle are likewise derived details not found elsewhere. Thus, perhaps, Act I, sc. i, l. 155, though the strength of Warwick in the counties named might be matter of common knowledge; and the numbers given in Act I, sc. ii, ll. 66, 68, 71, seem to be suggested by Halle's assertion that the Duke rashly hurried with 5000 against 18,000, or some say, 22,000, in contempt for a woman. Halle, or possibly his imitator the "Mirror," is responsible for the ascription of cruelty to Clifford, "the blood-supper," and for the myth of his slaughter of the child. The Earl of Rutland was a young man with an establishment of his own, from whom adhesion to his father's oath of loyalty had been required. Clifford's cry, "thy father slew mine," etc., is from Halle. The vivid picture of the battle of Towton is likewise, all of it, in Halle, even to a hint of son fighting against father. Further items taken over are Clarence's complaint (made, however, to the Earl of Warwick) as to his brother's unfair assignment of heiresses, — "three marriages more meeter for his two brethren and kin than for such new foundlings," — though, as a matter of fact, Clarence was married before Edward. Halle comments on Henry's unhappy fate (cf. Act IV, sc. vi, ll. 18–25), and tells how he was left alone, "as an host that should be sacrificed, in the bishop's palace of London" (cf. Act IV, sc. viii), mentioning Oxford's imprisonment in Hammes Castle.

Perhaps the proverb to which King Henry alludes (Act II, sc. ii, l. 48) needs no specific authority; it is, however, twice used by Latimer in his published sermons.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> In his Third Sermon, preached before Edward the Sixth, it appears in the succinct form: "Happy is the child whose father goeth to the devil."

## INTRODUCTION

---

These and all the other details of the play, which are to be found in their exact form in both Halle and Holinshed, are taken over from the "True Tragedie;" but from a number of small corrections it would seem clear that the passages in question were verified by the author or authors of Part III. Thus, the character of Cumberland is omitted: there was no such earldom at the time, although the "True Tragedie" obviously intends him for a Clifford. In Act III, sc. ii, l. 2, Grey's name is correctly given as "John" ("Richard" in the "True Tragedie"); but the statement of his dying on behalf of the Yorkists is, for obvious reasons, not corrected. So, again, in Act II, sc. iii, l. 15, the incorrect "father" of the "True Tragedie" is changed into "brother;" "the bastard of Salisbury, brother to the Earl of Warwick," say Halle and Holinshed. In Act IV, sc. i, ll. 52-57, the brides are correctly assigned — apparently with the help of Stowe; and in Act IV, sc. i, l. 27, Somerset (in the "True Tragedie" Hastings) is, quite plausibly, intended for the Duke, who submitted to Edward after Towton, but afterwards revolted: two dukes are in the play compressed into one.

In Act I, sc. i, l. 238, "Warwick is chancellor and lord of Calais" is a correct addition; and such is also "Scotland hath will to help, but cannot help" (Act III, sc. iii, ll. 34-35), which would seem to come from Monstrelet. Lastly, the slight alterations of the names of places on the roads to Coventry indicate a close accuracy which would possibly be instinctive in a writer personally acquainted with those roads.

The remaining additions to the "True Tragedie" consist of a few amplifications of the speeches, — of which one at least (Act IV, sc. vii, ll. 10-12) can hardly be thought a felicitous change, — and of considerable additions, of which the

## THE THIRD PART OF KING HENRY VI

---

most important are the larger parts of Henry's soliloquies in Act II, scenes ii and v, and his speeches in Act IV, scenes vi and viii, with the remainder of Act IV, sc. vi; also much of Gloucester's part in Act III, sc. ii, and some telling lines in Act IV, sc. i; also most of Margaret's speeches before King Louis in Act III, sc. iii, and in Act V, sc. iv, and, finally, the watchmen in Act IV, sc. iii, and the taunts in Act V, sc. i, ll. 48-57.

Frequently the use is discernible which has been made of the very words of the histories. Examples of this are: Rutland "holding up his hands for mercy"; Warwick at Towton, slaying his horse, with the words, "Surely I will tarry with him that will tarry with me"; the battle "uncertainly heaving and setting on both sides" (Holinshed) "in a manner unnatural; for in it the son fought against the father, the brother against the brother," etc. (Halle); and the loyalty of Hastings, who "had married the Earl's sister, yet was ever true to the King his master." Indeed, Act IV, sc. ii-vii keeps singularly close to the authorities.

As to style and diction, there seems little to distinguish the "Third Part of Henry VI" from the "Second" in those characteristics which were noted in it above. Alliteration is much employed in Part III, but in that modified form which was found to prevail in the earlier Part, — being most largely used by personages whose utterances have manifestly been elaborated with special care, such as King Henry and Clifford; and this again tallies with the greater apparent frequency of alliteration in Part III as compared with the "True Tragedie," though there is more, or at least more noticeable alliteration in Part I than in either. Part III has more rime than Part II; that in Part III is largely but by no means entirely taken over from the "True Tragedie," and is nearly always to be found at the end of

## INTRODUCTION

---

speeches. The peculiar feature of a repetition of words or sounds, which was noticed above as observable in both Parts I and II, is also to be found in Part III, where it appears in instances reproduced from the "True Tragedie," but with augmentation. Finally, the classical allusions in Part III are for the most part, but not entirely, taken over from the same play. The mannerism of the omitted definite article also occasionally recurs.<sup>1</sup> Of more significance, as indicating greater maturity of style, is a certain conscious irony. The phrase (subsequently repeated) "Thou setter up and plucker down of kings," descriptive in Act II, sc. iii, l. 87 (as in the "True Tragedie") of the power of the Almighty, is in Act III, sc. iii, l. 157 savagely applied by Queen Margaret to Warwick (this is not in the "True Tragedie"), and again calmly by Warwick to himself (Act V, sc. i, l. 26; this is substantially in the "True Tragedy"). The sneers in scriptural parlance of Richard of Gloucester (Act I, sc. ii, l. 18, and Act IV, sc. i, l. 82) are not in the older play.

Altogether the Third Part, towards its close, suggests a very explicable determination on the part of the author or authors to wind up the action of the play; their adherence to the "True Tragedie" becomes, if possible, more marked than it was before; and there is about the progress towards the end an unmistakeable air of business—a desire, not to treat things perfunctorily, but to spend no unnecessary time over them. And yet (this should by no means be overlooked) the reader or spectator is left with a sense of *more to come* beyond the framework of the play; no doubt is left as to the personage to whom the future will appeal—to whom per-

---

<sup>1</sup> So in Act II, sc. i, l. 82: "For selfsame wind that I should speak withal."

## THE THIRD PART OF KING HENRY VI

---

haps that future may belong. This personage is not the "sportful" King Edward IV, in whose concluding hope of "lasting joy" little interest can be felt, nor the shifting Clarence—but the prince who seals the bargain of national peace and fraternal concord with a Judas kiss.

In what there remains for me to state here, I have hardly anything to offer in addition to the summary previously attempted by me after a full reconsideration of this complex subject under the light of researches as ample and profound as are to be found in any chapter of Shakespeare criticism. With regard, then, to what seem the most probable conclusions on the question as to the authorship of the Second and Third Parts of "Henry VI," and on the antecedent question as to the authorship of the two old plays of which these two Parts are now generally held to be enlarged and modified reproductions, the following may suffice.<sup>1</sup> It has been shown in the preceding pages,

---

<sup>1</sup> The authorities on the subject are in the main the same as those cited in the course of my remarks on "Henry VI" in the second edition of my "History of English Dramatic Literature" (1899), Vol. II, pp. 58-74. Since Malone, the late Mr. Grant White's "Essay On the Authorship of King Henry the Sixth" (in vol. VII of his edition of the Works of William Shakespeare, Boston, 1859) is the earliest critical contribution of importance to the discussion of the question. His views were put in a shorter form by Mr. G. L. Rives in his *Harness Prize Essay on the same subject* (Cambridge, 1874); and Mr. Grant White himself summarised them in his "Studies in Shakespeare" (London, 1885), pp. 21 *seq.* The conclusions stated by Mr. F. G. Fleay in his remarkably complete and closely argued paper "Who Wrote Henry VI?" in "Macmillan's Magazine," vol. XXXIII (November, 1875-April, 1876), were repeated, with some important modifications, in his "Chronicle History of the Life and Works of William Shakespeare" (London, 1886),—a book which, whatever may be the judgment formed as to some of its conclusions, has a permanent place in the history of English literature. Finally, the subject received the most exhaustive treatment which has yet been given to it, or with which it is likely to meet for a long time to come, in Miss Jane Lee's paper "On the Authorship of the Second and Third Parts of Henry VI," in the "Transactions of the New Shakspeare Society" (1876), where, on a suggestion thrown out

## INTRODUCTION

---

more fully than in my own earlier observations on the subject, how very little in the way of actual new matter, as distinct from additions or ornament in the way of expansion and of stylistic improvements, was introduced by the hands to which, on the above assumption, the new versions of the two old plays were due, and how very few corrections of facts, or of the exposition of facts, were made during the process of "beautifying" the text (if Greene's word may be used without prejudice). Thus the difference between the two pairs of plays reduces itself in the main, though not entirely, to a question of form rather than of matter—in other words, to a question of style (including both diction and versification)—a kind of internal evidence which is of all kinds the most difficult to judge, and which has at times proved a very deceptive one to trust.

The problem of the authorship of the Second and Third Parts of "Henry VI" cannot, then, be discussed apart from that of the authorship of the two old plays with which they are respectively connected; but in discussing it we must perforce begin by going back, more especially as on the primary question of the respective priority of the two pairs of plays Mr. Fleay

---

by Dr. Furnivall in the discussion on her paper, she supplements it by a "Table of Shakspeare's and Marlowe's Shares in 2 and 3 Henry VI." Attention may also be directed to Miss Emma Phipson's paper, "The Natural History Similes in Henry VI," in the same Society's "Transactions," 1877-9, and Dr. Furnivall's "Table of parallel animal expressions in the Rape of Lucrece," and in 2 and 3 Henry VI, *ib.*, 1875-6; as well as to the late Mr. R. Simpson's "The Politics of Shakspeare's Historical Plays" (V. "Henry VI"), *ib.*, 1874, and (though it has no bearing on the question of authorship) to Mr. P. A. Daniel's "Time Analysis of the Plots of Shakspeare's Plays" (III.), *ib.*, 1877-9. Cf. also Mr. A. H. Bullen's Introduction to his "Works of Christopher Marlowe" (1885), vol. I, lxxix-lxxxiii, and Professor Churton Collins' General Introduction to his "Works of Robert Greene" (1905), vol. I, pp. 67-69.



### THE THIRD PART OF KING HENRY VI

---

is in opposition to the generally received opinion. Malone, Grant White, and Miss Lee, entertain no doubt as to the priority in date of the "Contention" and the "True Tragedie" to the Second and Third Parts of "Henry VI;" whereas Mr. Fleay advances the theory that the former two plays "consisted of surreptitious fragments taken down in shorthand at theatrical performances, and patched up by some inferior hack, hired to write additions, or by some strutting player, who interpolated bits of sensation for the groundlings." Now, it cannot be denied that among the additional matter to be found in the two Parts as compared with the other plays a good deal may be described as "poor"; but in all ages of the theatre adapters, especially if their work has to be done in a hurry, are apt not to be overnice in the choice of their patches. Again, it must be allowed that the notorious passage in Greene's "Groatsworth of Wit" can only be regarded as proving that the "Third Part of Henry VI" plagiarised from the "True Tragedie," if we assume as certain that it was a literary plagiarism, not the actor's declamation of other men's compositions, which Greene intended to satirise; and this assumption I agree with Mr. Fleay and the late Mr. R. Simpson (a sure-footed critic, though one who freely used his imagination) in declining to make. If, on the other hand, the passage does refer to a literary plagiarism, then, if Mr. Fleay's theory were correct, Greene would have accused Shakespeare of plagiarising a passage which was itself a plagiarism. Mr. Fleay's arguments from the history of theatrical companies and from that of publishers are too full of conjecture to carry conviction; and we are thus reduced to an issue of comparative probabilities. But could anything be

[ xvi ]

## INTRODUCTION

---

more improbable than that the compilers of the "Contention" and the "True Tragedie" were so unlucky as to miss, or so foolish as to leave out, some of the finest passages in the plays which they conveyed—such, for instance, as two cited by Miss Lee—York's description of Salisbury in the last scene of the Second Part,<sup>1</sup> and parts<sup>2</sup> of his picturesque first speech in Act I, sc. iv, of the Third Part. At the same time some particulars not in "Henry VI" are to be found in the other plays—such as the elaboration of the Duchess of Gloucester's penance and the description of Jack Cade's external appearance in the "Contention"; and I think Miss Lee goes too far in asserting that "though the author of "Henry VI" might have rejected such things, it is scarcely probable that any copyist would have invented or inserted them." Why not? Still, it cannot be denied that, if Mr. Fleay's theory be accepted, we must suppose the compilers of the "Contention" and the "True Tragedie" to have contrived to re-edit their originals in what is beyond all doubt a much cruder and more primitive kind of versification, and a less effective as well as less ornate diction—and to have done this while the much superior old model was still in the remembrance of playgoers. This seems to me incredible.

It must not, however, be overlooked that the 1619 edition of "The Whole Contention" was intermediate between the quartos of the "Contention" and the "True Tragedie" of 1600 and the Folio "Henry VI" of 1623; and that, as has been already pointed out, this 1619 edition contains a

---

<sup>1</sup> "That winter lion, who in rage forgets  
Aged contusions and all brush of time,  
And, like a gallant in the brow of youth,  
Repairs him with occasion."

<sup>2</sup> Including the simile of the swan.

## THE THIRD PART OF KING HENRY VI

---

certain number of modifications of the texts of the "Contention" and the "True Tragedie," though these do not approach those of the Folio in amount. Here again, in order to avoid Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps' conjecture that Shakespeare subjected these texts to a poetical revision, Mr. Fleay resorts to another (also baseless) conjecture that the publisher Pavier "obtained a few shorthand notes from the theatre, and thus corrected his stolen copy."

Accepting, then, as on the whole more probable, the priority in date of composition of the "Contention" and the "True Tragedie" to the Second and Third Parts of "Henry VI," we come to the further question: who was the author, or who were the authors, of the earlier two plays? Neither Charles Knight nor the German critics, who, as in the case of the authorship of the whole trilogy of "Henry VI," had the full courage of their belief that Shakespeare was also the author of the early "Sketches," were able to adduce any evidence in support of this belief beyond that of their internal consciousness. But Ulrici, in his last deliverance on the subject<sup>1</sup> allowed that "in the earliest impressions these plays have come down to us in a mutilated and corrupt condition"; and Delius, who argued with considerable force for the essentially Shakespearean authorship of the two old plays, cleverly supposed them not only to have been obtained by a piratical publisher from actors, but to have possibly been manipulated by some "subordinate" poet for the purposes of publication.<sup>2</sup>

On the other side, according to which Shakespeare had no share whatever in the composition of these earlier

---

<sup>1</sup> In "Shakespeare Jahrbuch" vol. I (1864) p. 85.

<sup>2</sup> See his "Introduction" to the "Third Part of Henry VI" in vol. I of his edition of Shakespeare (Elberfeld, 1872), where he reprints both the old plays in full.

## INTRODUCTION

---

plays, stands the whole body of English Shakespeare commentators and critics — from Malone and Drake to Hallam, Harness, Collier, and Dyce, and from these to Fleay and Furnivall, and Miss Jane Lee, who by her masterly essay may be said to have made the subject her own. The first argument on this side of the question is the fact that there is no contemporary statement as to any direct connexion between Shakespeare and these two plays; although a line which occurs in one of them was, as has been mentioned, quoted by Greene as early as 1592, and although they were separately printed in 1594 and '95, and reprinted in 1600. Only in 1619, when they were conjointly reprinted three years after his death, were they attributed to him by a piratical publisher.

The second argument is that in 1595 the "True Tragedie" and in 1600 the "Whole Contention" were printed as acted by Lord Pembroke's men; whereas Shakespeare is not known to have been connected with any company but the Lord Chamberlain's (afterwards the King's)<sup>1</sup>. Neither of these arguments can be regarded as absolutely conclusive. Are they confirmed by internal evidence?

Would the two old plays as they stood have been assigned to Shakespeare as the author of the substantial part of them, had they not been followed by the later and more elaborate version? Do they resemble rough drafts which closely, though not slavishly, follow their main authorities, or are they compositions on which, notwithstanding many crudities of form, the impress of a single mind seems left? Does the general want of regularity in the

---

<sup>1</sup> The fact that the "First Part of Henry VI" was possibly acted by Lord Strange's men in 1592, is reconciled by Mr. Fleay with the above statement by means of the assumption that the play had passed to the Lord Chamberlain's servants before 1599, the probable date of the production of "Henry V," the Epilogue of which seems to allude to it (see above).

## THE THIRD PART OF KING HENRY VI

---

versification, which in some scenes is exchanged for what Miss Lee aptly calls a "sing-song rhythm" point to unity of workmanship, or rather to the continued labour of the artificer's shop?

A view which would be reconcilable with the belief that it is impossible to accept the two old plays as solely and undividedly Shakespeare's work is taken by Halliwell-Phillipps, Staunton, and more especially by Grant White, while Dr. Furnivall extends to it some reluctant favour. Shakespeare, though not sole author of these plays, had a share in their composition. This compromise, or half-way solution, involves the supposition (for nobody, I take it, could contend that he had a share in the "Contention" and "True Tragedy," but none in the revision resulting in the Second and Third Parts of "Henry VI") that he revised work of which he had himself been part author; and it seems futile to seek a way out of this difficulty — not, I think, in itself insuperable — by assuming the existence of some yet earlier plays, out of which Shakespeare and his associates formed the "Contention" and the "True Tragedie." Such plays *may* have existed; but we know nothing whatever of or about their existence. We are thus obliged once more to fall back, as Grant White and others do, upon internal evidence; and to seek for an answer to the question, Is there anything essentially Shakespearean which we find in the old plays, or which was taken over into "Henry VI" from the old plays?

This brings us at once to the significance of the Jack Cade scenes in the "Contention" — for it will be readily allowed that no other scenes in either of the two plays stand out similarly from the rest.<sup>1</sup> It is the strong impression,

---

<sup>1</sup> I think that Miss Lee's refusal to attach any importance, in this connection, to the supposed analogy between Biron's speech in "Love's Labour's Lost" (Act IV,

## INTRODUCTION

---

if not the absolute conviction, of the foremost of living English poets, whose critical insight adds further authority to his opinion on such a subject, that these scenes are Shakespeare's; in Mr. Swinburne's own words,<sup>1</sup> "their forcible realism, their simple life-like humour, can scarcely be ascribed to any hand but Shakespeare's." And Dr. Furnivall, steeped like no other English scholar of his eminence in the lore of the matter, avows that he would gladly agree that Shakespeare had no hand in these sketch-plays, "if only he could made up his mind that the first sketch of Cade was not Shakespeare's."<sup>2</sup> Now, I cannot agree with Miss Lee in her view that (supposing the "Contention" to have been written by 1592) Shakespeare was not possessed of sufficient "knowledge of the world and of the things that are in the world" to have enabled him to write these scenes. It seems to me that the "knowledge of the world" displayed in them is that exhibited by many a youth (and Shakespeare would at the time have been more than a mere youth) who knows something of the people — with a large or a small P — and something of the notions entertained of the people by those towards whom he looks for patronage. And while I agree in thinking the satire racy and vivacious, and such as might very well have been indited by Shakespeare when a young man not yet capable of such treatment of the same theme as he afterwards, with variations, gave to it in "Julius Cæsar" and in "Coriolanus" — I am not prepared to assert that the humour could have been no other playwright's but his. Although I am fully conscious of the weight of the authority on the

---

sc. iii, l. 290) and York's speech in the "Second Part of Henry VI" (Act I, sc. i, l. 215) will command general assent.

<sup>1</sup> "Fortnightly Review," January, 1876.

<sup>2</sup> "New Shakspeare Society's Transactions," 1876, p. 283.

### THE THIRD PART OF KING HENRY VI

---

opposite side, I feel bound to say that the *vis comica* of these scenes does not strike me as beyond the limit of the powers of Peele;<sup>1</sup> while I think that Greene, who could imitate most things that he chose to imitate, and whose inbred arrogance would have commended to him the spirit of the satire, might quite conceivably have had a hand in making it effective. Nor is an unknown author — such as the writer of the excellent comic scenes in “Sir Thomas More” (1590 c.) — out of the question.

For my part, as I have said before, I find it more difficult to attribute to any known authorship other than Shakespeare's certain other passages in the two old plays, in which, in Grant White's felicitously chosen words, “thought, diction, and rhythm sprang up together to flow in a consentaneous stream.” The stately opening of the “Contention;” the pathos of the “Duchess” Eleanor in the midst of her shame; the speeches of Warwick in Duke Humphrey's death-scene, and more especially that containing the similes of the dead heifer and the murderous kite; the fury of Suffolk's curse, and the intense reminiscent passion of his farewell to the Queen; or again, in the “True Tragedie,” York's speech about his valorous sons; the fire of invective in the last dialogue between York and the Queen; the “aloofness,” to use an ugly but expressive word, of King Henry in the hour of his capture; the downfall of Warwick, as that of the all-overtopping cedar, and the diabolical fury of Gloucester in making an end of the poor King's shadowy life — not one of these passages, and not all of them taken together, seem to me to prove themselves

---

<sup>1</sup> I see from a notice of H. Schütt's edition of “The Life and Death of Jack Straw,” in the *Shakespeare Jahrbuch*, vol. XXXVIII (1902), pp. 283-285, that the authorship of this old play, in which there are some parallels to the “Contention,” has been ascribed to Peele; but I agree with W. Keller, the writer of the notice, that there seems no necessity for connecting an important name with it.

## INTRODUCTION

---

Shakespeare's; but it is difficult to reject as absolutely untenable the belief that he had any concern in them. Unless, therefore, we take refuge in Halliwell-Phillipps' somewhat far-fetched supposition, that passages in the impressions of the two plays dating from 1594 and 1595 were introduced into them from the Second and Third Parts of "Henry VI," supposing these to have been already on the stage—we must leave the notion of a co-operation by Shakespeare in the "Contention" and the "True Tragedie" in the position of an unproved surmise.

If, then, Shakespeare was not the original author of these two plays, and if the question whether he had any share in them cannot with confidence be answered in the affirmative, can any further hypothesis be successfully maintained as to their authorship? The writers who here alone come into question, because of them alone plays remain to us which will serve for the purpose of comparison, are Marlowe, Greene, and, perhaps, Peele. Lodge and Nashe cannot definitely be drawn into this enforced competition, because their extant share in the acted drama of the age is so small; and no serious attempt has been made, or indeed practically could have been made, to urge a claim on their behalf. With the mention of Kyd's or one or two other names we should be taken into the region of pure conjecture, into which I for one decline to stray.

Among the dramatists previously mentioned, there is an external probability in favour of Greene, who, according to the testimony of Nashe, wrote "more than four others" for Lord Pembroke's company, by whom the "True Tragedie" was performed. On the other hand, the fact that Marlowe's "Edward II" was also played by Lord Pembroke's men so far strengthens the possibility that he was concerned in the composition of the two old plays.



## THE THIRD PART OF KING HENRY VI

---

In the matter of versification, Miss Lee is no doubt quite right in saying that "Marlowe's versification was at times largely under the influence of that traditional monotony of metrical structure from which Shakespeare was the first to break wholly free." Unless, however, we are to date the two old plays further back than 1592 or the preceding year (which would considerably weaken the force of Greene's allusion in the "Groatsworth," supposing it to have been to a line in the "True Tragedie"), we might assuredly have expected a more striking agreement in versification as well as in general qualities of style than can be said to be observable between the two old plays and "Edward II," which was brought out in 1592 (or at the latest in 1598). It is quite true that, if the infrequency of rime in these plays is to be regarded as a sound argument against Shakespeare's authorship of them, it is difficult to see who but Marlowe could at so early a date have written plays with so little rime in them, and dependent, so far as the verse goes, on its own strength. (Of course there are in the two plays many broken lines, for which publishers and players rather than the authors may fairly be held responsible.)<sup>1</sup>

The argument in favour of Marlowe, then, apart from certain parallelisms of expression,<sup>2</sup> practically reduces it-

---

<sup>1</sup> Miss Lee cites eight lines or pairs of lines from the "Contention" and "True Tragedie," repeated or imitated from Marlowe — not of course all of them exact repetitions, but such instances as :

"Even to my death — for I have lived too long." ("Cont.")

"Nay, to my death — for too long have I lived." ("Edward II," Act V, scene vi.) But who could set this down as a proof that it was Marlowe who repeated himself? Shakespeare, we know, occasionally quoted Marlowe. (Peele has, in "Edward I,"

"Haste death — for Joan hath lived too long.")

<sup>2</sup> Of such Mr. Bullen (Introduction to Marlowe's Works, vol. I, p. lxxxi) notes  
[ xxiv ]

## INTRODUCTION

self to the proposition that, if Shakespeare did not write certain scenes in the two old plays, there was no contemporary dramatist sufficiently gifted to have written them but Marlowe. As such Miss Lee indicates (if my counting be correct) the scene of Duke Humphrey's death in the "Contention" (from Suffolk's re-entrance) and Clifford's slaughter of young Rutland in the "True Tragedie." Allowing that at the time Marlowe stood forth among his contemporaries, including Shakespeare, like no other writer, the marks of his genius discernible in such scenes as these are not to my mind sufficiently specific to be convincing. And I cannot avow myself very forcibly struck by the resemblances of thought to Marlowe perceptible in the old plays: in the fury of the contending nobles there is nothing specially characteristic of him; the mild despondency of Henry VI may be in some measure like that of Mycetes in "Tamburlaine," and like that of Edward II, but it is far less rough-edged than the former, and on the other hand far less elaborated than the latter.

For the claim put forward on behalf of Greene there is cumulatively more to urge. Before 1592, as Mr. Churton Collins has pointed out,<sup>1</sup> Greene's contemporaries and friends are silent about his work as a playwright,

two instances — the use of the verb "to mask" in Bullenbrooke's conjuration in the "Contention":

— "the silence of the Night,  
Wherein the Furies maske in hellish troupes" —

which verb occurs several times in "Tamburlaine," but not in Marlowe's later plays; and the following passage in the speech of Iden when bringing in Cade's head —

"Deep-trenched furrows in his frowning brow" —

as compared with the "Second Part of Tamburlaine," Act I, scene iii:

"But in the furrows of his frowning brow."

<sup>1</sup> "Introduction" to Greene's "Dramatic Works," vol. I, pp. 67-69.

### THE THIRD PART OF KING HENRY VI

---

and in his own writings no mention is made of his plays; moreover, Nashe, in his address prefixed to Greene's "Menaphon," though he manifestly intended to pour contempt upon Marlowe and his associates (Miss Lee thinks, upon Kyd) as contrasted with Greene, says nothing about any plays written by the latter. Thus it is quite possible that he may have been concerned in a greater or less measure with more plays than bear his name; and his facility as a playwright was, as we have seen, afterwards specially attested by Nashe, and as a matter of fact only formed part of a general facility almost unparalleled, and duly held up to scorn by such an antagonist as Gabriel Harvey. The difficulty of assuming Greene's cooperation in the two old plays is increased rather than diminished by assuming Marlowe's; for there is no proof of their having worked together as dramatists; and whether or not in the "Groatsworth" Greene complained of literary plagiarism of himself and Marlowe, he certainly says nothing in that tract as to their having been associated as playwrights. Thus we have to fall back upon style, versification, and incidental detail. It cannot be denied that resemblances to the diction and versification of Greene are to be found in the two old plays, though, as I have remarked elsewhere, it is somewhat suspicious to find them to be largely taken from "Greene the Pinner of Wakefield," a play of which Greene's authorship cannot yet be said to have been with certainty established. There might also seem some force in the fact of the repeated use in the two plays of the obsolete use of "for to" = to,<sup>1</sup> which Miss Lee has noted as occurring five times in the "Contention" (and, curiously, twice in that bit of the Incantation Scene which is to be

---

<sup>1</sup> *E. g.*, "And conjure them for to obey my will."

## INTRODUCTION

found only in that old play) and four times in the "True Tragedie"; whereas Shakespeare uses the form only a few — Churton Collins says eight — times. But as it also occurs now and then in Marlowe, and more often in Peele's "Edward I" than either in the "Contention" or "True Tragedie," it may be said to prove too much. Miss Lee mentions certain resemblances of verbal expression, which she judiciously herself describes as not decisive, and which, as their occurrence is for the most part isolated, I should be inclined to regard as fortuitous. The total number of lines in the two old plays which closely resemble lines in plays undoubtedly by Greene is in any case smaller than that of those which resemble lines in Marlowe. It is certainly odd that the name of "mightie Abradas, the great Masadonian Pyrate" ("Contention") who in the "Second Part of Henry IV," Act IV, sc. i, l. 108, is changed into "Bargulus the strong Illyrian pirate" should not be known to recur anywhere else in English literature except in a passage of Greene's "Penelope's Web." It is also impossible, as Miss Lee points out, to avoid being struck by the number of proverbial expressions which occur in the two old plays, and which help to give to them and to "Henry VI" as a whole a certain sententious colouring: these are more in Greene's manner — as that of the conscious trained man of letters — than in that of perhaps any of his contemporaries. The abundant classical allusions in these plays I am not prepared to pronounce as speaking for Greene rather than for Marlowe. The occasional introduction of fragments of Latin into the dialogue<sup>1</sup> is, I believe, more in Mar-

<sup>1</sup> Cf. in "Part II," Act I, scene iv, l. 99: "adsum"; *ib.*, l. 61 "aio te," &c.; Act II, scene i, l. 53: "nosce teipsum"; Act IV, scene vii, l. 49: "bona terra"; and in "Part III," Act I, scene iii, l. 48: "Dii faciant," &c.

### THE THIRD PART OF KING HENRY VI

---

lowe's than in Greene's way; but it is not altogether out of Shakespeare's.

Thus I conclude — if it be a conclusion — that Marlowe and Greene very possibly, and Greene probably, had a share in the authorship of the two old plays, and that Peele, who was certainly possessed of a racy vein of humour, as shown in his “Old Wives’ Tale,” as well as in his “Edward I,” may conceivably likewise have had some concern in them. But, if I am asked to go further, and to seek (as I could in no case successfully do) to emulate Miss Lee in laying down, with a modesty of manner reminding one of the blandness with which of old certain proposals used to be brought forward for reconstructing the Old Testament, a choristic scheme separating the portions of these plays written by Marlowe from those written by Greene — the imitative Greene — my courage fails me. I demur to the assumption, to begin with, that, as the comic scenes in the two old plays could not be by Marlowe, they must be by Greene, whom Chettle, in his “Kind Hart’s Dreame,” averred to have been, “to no man’s disgrace be it intended, the only Comedian, of a vulgar writer in this country.” For Chettle may not have been carried away by the humours of the Armourer and his man, or by the grim fun of the Cade scenes; and the Cade scenes, in whosoever manner they may be, are not in Greene’s. I demur to the distribution of the tragic scenes between Marlowe and Peele, because of more or less superficial resemblances — “by Marlowe were certainly the Cardinal’s death, the parting of Suffolk and Margaret.” Or again — Marlowe took charge of Henry VI, because he resembles Mycetes and Edward II, and Greene of Edward IV, whom we may compare with James IV! Queen Margaret’s words towards the close, it is more pointedly noted, bear some resemblance

[ xxviii ]

## INTRODUCTION

---

to Queen Elinor's dying speeches in "Edward I." Mr. Grant White held that Shakespeare had undertaken Clifford and Warwick (curious that he of all men should have made the blunder, noted above, as to the Warwick badge!) and Mr. Rives faithfully followed suit in supposing the Queen's character to be of Shakespeare's devising. It seems to matter little that in the former two instances the characters were, so to speak, transferred bodily into "Henry VI," while in the latter case the part was extended almost throughout. The critic's consciousness is sufficient.

And so, I fear, the dubious question of the authorship of the "Contention" and the "True Tragedie" must be left only half-answered. We certainly stand on firmer ground in discussing the authorship of the Second and Third Parts of "Henry VI" themselves. For, as the figures show, of which the result was stated above, something between one-third and one-half of the whole number of lines in these Second and Third Parts were added to the text of the "Contention" and the "True Tragedie." According to Grant White's calculation, 1479 lines were taken over from the 8057 of the "Contention," and the still larger proportion of 1981 from the 2877 lines of the "True Tragedie." It is, therefore, of nearly one-half of the Second and Third Parts, taken together, that the authorship is in question. On the other hand, it has been seen that in the conduct of the action Part II and the first three acts of Part III exhibit no considerable variation from the "Contention" and the "True Tragedie"; and in the course of this Introduction it has been demonstrated, I think for the first time, how consistently as a whole, though with certain deviations of detail, the Second and Third Parts of "Henry VI" follow, step by step, and stage by

[ xxix ]

## THE THIRD PART OF KING HENRY VI

---

stage, the authorities of which the two old plays accepted the guidance. Yet it cannot be denied that the revision or re-editing of the old plays, and their transformation into the "Second and Third Parts of Henry VI" were carried out on a scale of elaborateness and thoroughness to which it would be difficult to find a parallel in dramatic or in any other kind of imaginative literature, unless in instances where a single mind has, like Goethe in his "Faust," evolved a masterpiece of his maturity out of fragmentary beginnings dating from his youth. The additions, omissions, and alterations which in the case of the Second and Third Parts of "Henry VI" are generally improvements, amount to a renewal of the whole; though already Malone pointed out that the revisor or revisors proved true to their character as such by showing themselves to be not infallible, and indulging in transpositions and repetitions which occasionally, after the manner of revisions not carried through with perfect completeness and consistency, wear the aspect of patchwork. We have, therefore, in conclusion of this long disquisition, to ask who was the agent, or who were the agents, that converted the two old plays into dramatic works so notably superior in general proportion and in consequent effectiveness of form, as well as in abundance of striking detail.

Shakespeare would in any case be entitled to "preferential" consideration on this head; since even in our own day the authority of the First Folio is not to be lightly set aside. And I think that we are coming to recognise more clearly than ever, that the objections against extruding from such a canon any work which has been included, and has long remained included in it, are particularly strong where the canon, whatever its origin, has received a national acceptance. Indeed, in the present instance, no play has

[ xxx ]

## INTRODUCTION

---

been excluded from the Shakespearean canon with a predominant assent of critics, with the sole exception of "Titus Andronicus." If, in the last two lines of the passage already cited from the Epilogue to "Henry V" —

" Which oft our stage has shown ; and for their sake  
In your fair minds let this acceptance take " —

the words "for their sake" be considered to refer to at least two plays previously performed with success on the same stage as "Henry V," there can be no reasonable doubt but that the three Parts of "Henry VI" are in question. No doubt it would be strange that Shakespeare should describe as "our stage" a theatre other than the only one with which he is known to have been connected ; but, if he was actually concerned with the plays themselves, the possessive pronoun might be held justifiable. And it is surely hypercritical to assert that the loss of France is really dealt with in Part I ; for Part II at its opening is still concerned with the loss of Anjou and Maine, and even in Part III the consequences of the ill-management of the relations between England and France may be said to be still in progress ; while Mr. Fleay's notion seems far-fetched, that the *their* in the penultimate line of the Epilogue refers to the *they* of the preceding line — *i. e.* to the personages who mismanaged the relations in question, and hence to the actors who represented those personages in "Henry VI" (only). But I do not think that the evidence of this passage, somewhat obscure as it is, can be allowed to count for much. On the other side we have the fact that Francis Meres, in his "Palladis Tamia" (1598), takes no notice of "Henry VI" — an omission which must go for what it is worth, but cannot be held to clinch the matter. Thus the external evidence as to Shakespeare's authorship of the

[ xxxi ]



## THE THIRD PART OF KING HENRY VI

Second and Third Parts is, apart from the fact of their inclusion in the First Folio, unsatisfactory.

The internal evidence has been marshalled very effectively by Miss Jane Lee, and is worth re-stating, as, in my opinion at all events, its cumulative probability renders it virtually irresistible. In the first place, as to versification, she seems to me justified in disregarding the argument against Shakespeare's participation in these plays which have little rime, drawn from the fact that the earliest plays indisputably his ("The Comedy of Errors," "Love's Labour's Lost," &c.) have much; for these were not, as the Second and Third Parts of "Henry VI" are generally held to have been, founded on plays which themselves had little rime. On the other hand, Miss Lee points to things in the vocabulary of these plays which are distinctly Shakespearean—*e. g.* the use of the verb "to budge," of the retreat of an army; the verb "misthink"; the picturesque descriptive touch "blowing of his nails" (Third Part, Act II, sc. v, l. 8), which recurs in a song in "Love's Labour's Lost; and the occurrence of certain specially Shakespearean compounds.

But these are trifles.<sup>1</sup> The changes from the text

<sup>1</sup> I may take this opportunity of referring to a singular conjecture which has been advanced, but which will hardly carry conviction on the evidence furnished—*viz.*, the unusual similes to be found in these plays from natural history and from the life and habits of animals—that an unknown writer who "specialized" in this direction ("a farmyard and menagerie man," as Dr. Furnivall humorously called him) had a hand in them. According to Miss Emma Phipson, who investigated the subject with remarkable assiduity, the number of natural history similes in the Second Part amounts to 49, and that in the Third Part to 53. They are partly the result of direct observation (or the assumption of it) of natural life in the country, partly artificial figures, borrowed from writers on natural (as it has wittily been termed, "unnatural natural") history, such above all as that which "Euphues" rendered fashionable and popular—and chiefly if not entirely derived by them from unscrupulously imaginative or reproductive writers of antiquity. Miss Phipson was at the pains of ascertaining that of the

## INTRODUCTION

of the earlier plays are at times singularly Shakespearean in their sudden revelation of the depths of human nature—so in the Duchess Eleanor's—

"Go, lead the way—I long to see my prison"—

(Second Part, Act II, last line); or in their life-like truthfulness, such as the few lines of talk between the murderers at the opening of Act III, sc. ii. It is just in such things as this, and in a vividness of characterisation—for which neither the fiery passion of Marlowe (who except in "Edward II" seems almost to go out of the way of drawing character) nor the unde-

dramatists who have with more or less reason been supposed to have contributed to the "Second and Third Parts of Henry VI" Peele's animal similes are not very numerous, and are mostly of the artificial kind; Greene's (it will be remembered that he continued "Euphues") also generally artificial, but of a more poetical kind than Peele's—and I may add that, with all his affectations, there are indications in Greene of a true appreciation of the charms of the country. He was very fond of introducing natural history similes into his writing; and Miss Lee aptly quotes Nashe in his "Have with ye to Saffron Walden," where, indignant at having been charged with imitating Greene, he exclaims: "Did I ever write of coney-catching? stufft my stile with hearbs and stones? . . . if not, how then did I imitate him?" The animal similes occurring in Marlowe, who was town-bred and lived in towns all his life, are scanty and euphuistic. Shakespeare, as we know and Mr. Rushton and others have shown, was largely indebted to "Euphues" as a writer, but he was also deeply indebted to his knowledge and observation of country life; he loved birds both as a poet and from his familiarity with them (see J. E. Hasting's "Ornithology of Shakespeare," 1871); and he is full of allusions to country sports (except fishing), and to that of hawking in particular, to which Miss Phipson has not found a single allusion in Peele, Greene, or Marlowe. The "Contention" contains some references to the use of birdlime; but the passage with which the first scene of Act II of the "Second Part of Henry VI" opens contains technical hawking terms not to be found in the corresponding passages of the "Contention." Speaking generally, though in "Henry VI" (so notably in scenes ii and iii of Act II. of Part II) the natural history similes for the most part lie close together; more than half of them are also to be found (with certain modifications) in the "Contention" and the "True Tragedie." The curious epithet (probably only an *epitheton ornans*), "empty" eagle, which occurs once in each "Part," is also found in Greene. Miss Phipson is of opinion that the similes, as they stand in the "Contention" and the "True Tragedie," give the impression of being Shakespeare's. See also as to parallel expressions of the same kind in Parts II and III of "Henry VI," and in "The Rape of Lucrece," the list given by Dr. Furnivall in the "New Shakspeare Society's Transactions," 1876. pp. 312-313.

[ xxxiii ]

### THE THIRD PART OF KING HENRY VI

---

niable superficiality of Greene fitted the one or the other of them—that Shakespeare is so indescribably himself. And, although Part III adheres more closely to the play on which it is founded than Part II, and this very fact may account for the comparative fewness of the actual resemblances to Shakespeare contained in Part III, yet it is from this later play above all—the transition play proper—that is derived what seems to me one of the very strongest arguments in favor of the Shakespearean authorship of both parts. This consists in the unity of design between “Henry VI” and “Richard III” and in their exactly parallel use of the same historical sources—a twofold fact which must be regarded as convincing, unless of course we are again to resort to paradox and to treat the Richard of both “Henry VI” and “Richard III” not as Shakespeare’s creation, but as his revision of Marlowe’s.

For myself, a fresh reconsideration of the question has only served to confirm me in my previous conclusion that Shakespeare’s participation in the Second and Third Parts of “Henry VI,” to which they owe the note of his genius as a possession forever, may be regarded as established; nor do I think that the work so admirably done by Miss Jane Lee need in this respect to be done over again. But I am not so well satisfied that Marlowe had a share with Shakespeare in the transformation of the two earlier plays into the Second and Third Parts of “Henry VI.” This is the last in the series of Miss Lee’s conclusions, and she has supplemented it by elaborate tables in which she undertakes to distinguish, scene upon scene, and often part of scene upon part of scene, the passages which in her opinion represent Shakespeare’s revisions of Marlowe, of Mar-

## INTRODUCTION

lowe and Greene, and of Greene only; as well as the much smaller number in which she holds Marlowe to have been the revisor, either alone or in company with Shakespeare, of the work of others or of himself. She avoids the supreme audacity of suggesting that any other writer, even Marlowe, in any instance, revised Shakespeare, although Marlowe, it must be remembered, was at the time the more celebrated playwright of the pair. I must say that into these final flights I cannot venture to follow Miss Lee; and I cannot suppress a regret that she should have essayed them, though it is a glorious vicinity which, if such be the case, has "sear'd her wings." For what evidence have we to allow us to hazard such a hypothesis as a cooperation between genius and genius, when we know absolutely nothing of the conditions under which it might have been exercised? It may no doubt be conjectured that the relations between Shakespeare and Marlowe were friendly — at least in so far as Shakespeare, we know, admired his brilliant fellow-writer; and there are a few passages in the plays which, unless we are to suppose that Marlowe imitated them, are directly taken from him.<sup>1</sup> But does this in any way prove them to have been inserted by himself? And, though Mr. Fleay's attribution to Marlowe's genius of scenes which seem to have a touch of it, such as those which make up Act III of Part

<sup>1</sup> "These arms of mine shall be thy winding-sheet;  
My heart, sweet boy, shall be thy sepulchre."

(Third Part, Act II, sc. v, l. 114; cf. "The Jew of Malta," sc. ii).

The phrase "He wears a duke's revenue on his back" (in the Second Part, Act I, sc. iii, l. 78) recurs with "lord's" instead of "duke's" in "Edward II" (Act I, sc. iv); and the less characteristic.

"And we are graced with fruits of victory" occurs in just the same words both in the Third Part (Act V, sc. iii, l. 1), and in the "Massacre at Paris" (Act II, sc. vi).

## THE THIRD PART OF KING HENRY VI

---

II together with the first scene of Act IV is seductive, Miss Lee cannot refrain from assuming here the presence of Shakespeare's touch—the power of passion which he shared with Marlowe is tempered by a gnomic wisdom which belonged to Shakespeare alone. From Miss Lee's unproved theory of a revision by both poets, few, I think, will be prepared to go on to the view of Mr. Fleay, who excludes Shakespeare from any substantial share in the revision, and regards the Second and Third Parts of "Henry VI," together with "Richard III," in its unrevised form, as essentially Peele's work. He argues that "Richard III" by its form of verse, by the absence from it of classical quotations, and in other respects, differs from "Henry VI"; that there are historical mistakes in "Henry VI" which do not occur in "Richard III" (*e. g.* in the Third Part the Prince of Wales marries Anne, who is called Warwick's eldest daughter, whereas in "Richard III" she is rightly called his youngest). These discrepancies, he thinks, show that there were different supervisors; and he accordingly comes to the conclusion that Peele at his death (before 1598) left behind him the unfinished trilogy of "Richard III" (consisting of the Second and Third Parts of "Henry VI" and of "Richard III"); that Shakespeare finished the former by adding the three battle-scenes (ii, iii, iv) of Act V of the Third Part; and that it was produced by the Lord Chamberlain's company. Marlowe, he considers, and Marlowe alone, had revised the "Whole Contention," just as Shakespeare revised the First Part of "Henry VI," adding to Peele's part of the work. Grant White has pointed out how much in "Richard III" ("which . . . although it is the greatest favourite of all his histories on the stage, is yet the poorest and

## INTRODUCTION

---

thinnest in thought, the least harmonious in rhythm — in a word, the least Shakespearean of them all”) is to be found that resembles Marlowe and Peele, especially the latter. We may readily agree that when writing “Richard III” Shakespeare had not yet found his most truly original style and manner, of which the first full exemplification is to be found in “Richard II”; his processes were still in a large measure imitative; but it is a long step from this — and a step which I for one decline to take — to argue that “Richard III” was not essentially his own handiwork.

I am willing, as I stated above, to allow it to be quite possible that Marlowe and Greene, the latter more especially, contributed to the “Contention” and the “True Tragedie,” and that Peele may conceivably also have had a hand in them. But while I see no reason for attributing the conception of Richard of Gloucester to Peele — from whose hand we have no character approaching this in dramatic force — I am less disposed than I formerly was to consider a revision by or with the coöperation of Marlowe to be an assumption necessary in order to account for the revision of the two old plays which transformed them into the Second and Third Parts of “Henry VI.” This assumption implies another to which I cannot bring myself to assent, viz., that Shakespeare’s ‘prentice hand, fortified by his consciousness of what was to follow — “Richard III” — was unequal to the task of the revision of the two old plays, if (as we certainly cannot prove) this task was imposed upon him. The belief that Shakespeare, although a beginner, was capable of accomplishing it, by no means contradicts the probability that a strong influence was exercised upon Shakespeare as the revisor of the Second and Third Parts of “Henry VI,” and as the writer of “Rich-

[ xxxvii ]

### THE THIRD PART OF KING HENRY VI

---

ard III," by Marlowe, and also by Peele. In the former case the probability is indeed to all intents and purposes a certainty. Marlowe — the one great imaginative poet among the predecessors of Shakespeare — the one dramatic poet in whom there burnt the fire of passion, and whose thoughts were winged with aspirations that made them soar into the infinite — the one Promethean soul in face of an Olympus of limited ambitions — how could such a writer have left unaffected and uninfluenced the most receptive, the most intelligent, the most sympathetic of his younger contemporaries? Or was Shakespeare not great enough to absorb into his creative activity the spirit of Marlowe — as Goethe in his period of Storm and Stress absorbed into his genius the spirit — far less powerful than Marlowe's — of a Klinger or a Lenz? That is the question which those who are, like myself, unwilling to assume a direct coöperation of Marlowe with Shakespeare in this "revision" are unwilling to answer by a timid negative. For my part, I am still unable to see why the Second and Third Parts of "Henry VI" are not, together with the First, to be legitimately included, as Hemynge and Condell included them, among the works of Shakespeare — and this in a sense in which they could be included among the works of no other English dramatist.

A. W. WARD.

**THE THIRD PART OF  
KING HENRY VI**



## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ<sup>1</sup>

KING HENRY the Sixth.  
EDWARD, PRINCE OF WALES, his son.  
LEWIS XI. KING OF FRANCE.  
DUKE OF SOMERSET.  
DUKE OF EXETER.  
EARL OF OXFORD.  
EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND.  
EARL OF WESTMORELAND.  
LORD CLIFFORD.  
RICHARD PLANTAGENET, Duke of York.  
EDWARD, Earl of March, afterwards King Edward IV.,  
EDMUND, Earl of Rutland,  
GEORGE, afterwards Duke of Clarence,  
RICHARD, afterwards Duke of Gloucester,  
DUKE OF NORFOLK. } his sons.  
MARQUESS OF MONTAGUE.  
EARL OF WARWICK.  
EARL OF PEMBROKE.  
LORD HASTINGS.  
LORD STAFFORD.  
SIR JOHN MORTIMER, } uncles to the Duke of York.  
SIR HUGH MORTIMER, }  
HENRY, Earl of Richmond, a youth.  
LORD RIVERS, brother to Lady Grey.  
SIR WILLIAM STANLEY.  
SIR JOHN MONTGOMERY.  
SIR JOHN SOMERVILLE.  
Tutor to Rutland. Mayor of York.  
Lieutenant of the Tower. A Nobleman.  
Two Keepers. A Huntsman.  
A Son that has killed his father.  
A Father that has killed his son.  
  
QUEEN MARGARET.  
LADY GREY, afterwards Queen to Edward IV.  
BONA, sister to the French Queen.

Soldiers, Attendants, Messengers, Watchmen, &c.

SCENE: *England and France*

<sup>1</sup> This play was first printed in its present form in the First Folio of 1623. But it had already been published in an unrevised draft in 1595 under the title of *The True Tragedie of Richard, Duke of Yorke, and the Death of good King Henrie the Sixth*, in a quarto volume, which was reprinted in 1600 and 1619. The Quartos have no divisions into acts or scenes. The Folio has the single heading at the opening of the play, "Actus Primus Scena Prima." Rowe inserted in 1709 full division into "acts" and "scenes," a list of the "dramatis personæ," and indications of the "Scene."



ACT FIRST—SCENE I—LONDON

THE PARLIAMENT-HOUSE

*Alarum.* Enter the DUKE OF YORK, EDWARD, RICHARD, NORFOLK,  
MONTAGUE, WARWICK, and Soldiers

WARWICK



WONDER HOW THE KING  
escaped our hands.

YORK. While we pursued the  
horsemen of the north,  
He slyly stole away and left his  
men:

Whereat the great Lord of  
Northumberland,  
Whose warlike ears could never  
brook retreat,  
Cheer'd up the drooping army;  
and himself,  
Lord Clifford and Lord Staf-  
ford, all a-breast,

Charged our main battle's front, and breaking in  
Were by the swords of common soldiers slain.

1 *I wonder . . . hands*] The dramatist represents the events of this scene  
as immediately following the battle of St. Albans, May 23, 1455,

# THE THIRD PART OF

ACT I

EDW. Lord Stafford's father, Duke of Buckingham, <sup>10</sup>  
Is either slain or wounded dangerously;  
I cleft his beaver with a downright blow:  
That this is true, father, behold his blood.

MONT. And, brother, here's the Earl of Wiltshire's  
blood,

Whom I encounter'd as the battles join'd.

RICH. Speak thou for me and tell them what I did.

[*Throwing down the Duke of Somerset's head.*]

YORK. Richard hath best deserved of all my sons.

But is your grace dead, my Lord of Somerset?

NORF. Such hope have all the line of John of Gaunt!

RICH. Thus do I hope to shake King Henry's head. <sup>20</sup>

WAR. And so do I. Victorious Prince of York,  
Before I see thee seated in that throne

with which the Second Part ends. As a matter of history, there was an interval of five years between the battle and this meeting in the Parliament-house (on October 7, 1460), which is described in this scene.

<sup>7</sup> *Lord Clifford*] This account of Lord Clifford's death, which accords with history, differs from that already given in *2 Hen. VI*, V, iii, 18-28; see I, iii, 5, *infra*.

<sup>8</sup> *main battle*] the centre or main body of the army.

<sup>12</sup> *beaver*] the lower portion of the "faceguard" of a helmet; here used for the whole helmet.

<sup>14</sup> *brother*] Here, as at line 116 and I, ii, 4, 55, and 60, *infra*, the speaker, John Neville, Marquess of Montague, is inaccurately represented as brother of the Duke of York, who was merely his uncle by marriage; the Duke's wife was sister of Montague's father. Montague was brother of the Earl of Warwick.

<sup>15</sup> *the battles join'd*] the armies joined battle. Cf. II, i, 121, *infra*.

<sup>17</sup> *Richard . . . sons*] Historically, Richard, the Duke of York's youngest son, was now only eight years old. See *2 Hen. VI*, V, i, 111 *seq.*

Which now the house of Lancaster usurps,  
I vow by heaven these eyes shall never close.  
This is the palace of the fearful king,  
And this the regal seat: possess it, York;  
For this is thine, and not King Henry's heirs'.

YORK. Assist me, then, sweet Warwick, and I will;  
For hither we have broken in by force.

NORF. We'll all assist you; he that flies shall die. 30

YORK. Thanks, gentle Norfolk: stay by me, my lords;  
And, soldiers, stay and lodge by me this night.

[*They go up.*]

WAR. And when the king comes, offer him no violence,  
Unless he seek to thrust you out perforce.

YORK. The queen this day here holds her parliament,  
But little thinks we shall be of her council:  
By words or blows here let us win our right.

RICH. Arm'd as we are, let's stay within this house.

WAR. The bloody parliament shall this be call'd, 40  
Unless Plantagenet, Duke of York, be king,  
And bashful Henry deposed, whose cowardice  
Hath made us by-words to our enemies.

YORK. Then leave me not, my lords; be resolute:  
I mean to take possession of my right.

WAR. Neither the king, nor he that loves him best,  
The proudest he that holds up Lancaster,  
Dares stir a wing, if Warwick shake his bells.

46 *The proudest he . . . up*] The proudest man or person who upholds.  
Cf. II, ii, 97, *infra*: "any *he the proudest*."

47 *Dares . . . bells*] Warwick is likened to a falcon to whose legs in the sport of hawking bells were attached, the sound of which made

THE THIRD PART OF

ACT I

I'll plant Plantagenet, root him up who dares:  
Resolve thee, Richard; claim the English crown.

*Flourish. Enter KING HENRY, CLIFFORD, NORTHUMBERLAND,  
WESTMORELAND, EXETER, and the rest*

K. HEN. My lords, look where the sturdy rebel sits, <sup>50</sup>  
Even in the chair of state: belike he means,  
Back'd by the power of Warwick, that false peer,  
To aspire unto the crown and reign as king.  
Earl of Northumberland, he slew thy father,  
And thine, Lord Clifford; and you both have vow'd  
revenge

On him, his sons, his favourites and his friends.

NORTH. If I be not, heavens be revenged on me!

CLIF. The hope thereof makes Clifford mourn in steel.

WEST. What, shall we suffer this? let's pluck him  
down:

My heart for anger burns; I cannot brook it. <sup>60</sup>

K. HEN. Be patient, gentle Earl of Westmoreland.

CLIF. Patience is for poltroons, such as he:

He durst not sit there, had your father lived.

My gracious lord, here in the parliament

Let us assail the family of York.

NORTH. Well hast thou spoken, cousin: be it so.

K. HEN. Ah, know you not the city favours them,  
And they have troops of soldiers at their beck?

EXE. But when the duke is slain, they'll quickly fly.

the birds of the chase afraid to rise. Cf. *Lucrece*, 511: "With  
trembling fear, as fowl hear *falcon's bells*."

<sup>62</sup> *Patience*] A trisyllable; "poltroons" is accented on the first syllable.

[ 6 ]

K. HEN. Far be the thought of this from Henry's  
heart, 70  
To make a shambles of the parliament-house!  
Cousin of Exeter, frowns, words and threats  
Shall be the war that Henry means to use.  
Thou factious Duke of York, descend my throne,  
And kneel for grace and mercy at my feet;  
I am thy sovereign.  
YORK. I am thine.  
EXE. For shame, come down: he made thee Duke  
of York.  
YORK. 'T was my inheritance, as the earldom was.  
EXE. Thy father was a traitor to the crown.  
WAR. Exeter, thou art a traitor to the crown, 80  
In following this usurping Henry.  
CLIF. Whom should he follow but his natural king?  
WAR. True, Clifford; and that's Richard Duke of  
York.  
K. HEN. And shall I stand, and thou sit in my  
throne?  
YORK. It must and shall be so: content thyself.  
WAR. Be Duke of Lancaster; let him be king.

---

78-79 '*T was my inheritance . . . crown*] The earldom (of March) was inherited by York from his mother Anne Mortimer, daughter of Roger, Earl of March (see line 106, *infra*), who was great-grandson of Edward III. It was through his mother that York claimed the throne. To his dukedom of York he succeeded on the death at Agincourt in 1415 of his father's brother Edward, 2d Duke of York, son of Edmund (Langley), 1st Duke of York, fifth son of Edward III. His father Richard, Earl of Cambridge, the traitor to Henry V (see *Hen. V*, II, ii), never held the dukedom. Cf. line 105, *infra*.

THE THIRD PART OF

ACT I

WEST. He is both king and Duke of Lancaster;  
And that the Lord of Westmoreland shall maintain.

WAR. And Warwick shall disprove it. You forget  
That we are those which chased you from the field, 90  
And slew your fathers, and with colours spread  
March'd through the city to the palace gates.

NORTH. Yes, Warwick, I remember it to my grief;  
And, by his soul, thou and thy house shall rue it.

WEST. Plantagenet, of thee and these thy sons,  
Thy kinsmen and thy friends, I'll have more lives  
Than drops of blood were in my father's veins.

CLIF. Urge it no more; lest that, instead of words,  
I send thee, Warwick, such a messenger  
As shall revenge his death before I stir. 100

WAR. Poor Clifford! how I scorn his worthless threats!

YORK. Will you we show our title to the crown?  
If not, our swords shall plead it in the field.

K. HEN. What title hast thou, traitor, to the crown?  
Thy father was, as thou art, Duke of York;  
Thy grandfather, Roger Mortimer, Earl of March:  
I am the son of Henry the Fifth,  
Who made the dauphin and the French to stoop,  
And seized upon their towns and provinces.

WAR. Talk not of France, sith thou hast lost it all. 110

K. HEN. The lord protector lost it, and not I:  
When I was crown'd I was but nine months old.

RICH. You are old enough now, and yet, methinks,  
you lose.

Father, tear the crown from the usurper's head.

105 *Thy father . . . York*] This is an error. See note on 78-79, *supra*.

EDW. Sweet father, do so; set it on your head.

MONT. Good brother, as thou lovest and honourest  
arms,

Let's fight it out and not stand cavilling thus.

RICH. Sound drums and trumpets, and the king  
will fly.

YORK. Sons, peace!

K. HEN. Peace, thou! and give King Henry leave  
to speak. 120

WAR. Plantagenet shall speak first: hear him, lords;  
And be you silent and attentive too,  
For he that interrupts him shall not live.

K. HEN. Think'st thou that I will leave my kingly  
throne,

Wherein my grandsire and my father sat?

No: first shall war unpeople this my realm;

Ay, and their colours, often borne in France,

And now in England to our heart's great sorrow,

Shall be my winding-sheet. Why faint you, lords?

My title's good, and better far than his. 130

WAR. Prove it, Henry, and thou shalt be king.

K. HEN. Henry the Fourth by conquest got the  
crown.

YORK. 'T was by rebellion against his king.

K. HEN. [*Aside*] I know not what to say; my title's  
weak.

Tell me, may not a king adopt an heir?

YORK. What then?

---

116 *brother*] See note on line 14, *supra*, and cf. I, ii, 4, 55, and 60, *infra*.



THE THIRD PART OF

ACT I

K. HEN. An if he may, then am I lawful king;  
For Richard, in the view of many lords,  
Resign'd the crown to Henry the Fourth,  
Whose heir my father was, and I am his. 140

YORK. He rose against him, being his sovereign,  
And made him to resign his crown perforce.

WAR. Suppose, my lords, he did it unconstrain'd,  
Think you 't were prejudicial to his crown?

EXE. No; for he could not so resign his crown  
But that the next heir should succeed and reign.

K. HEN. Art thou against us, Duke of Exeter?

EXE. His is the right, and therefore pardon me.

YORK. Why whisper you, my lords, and answer not?

EXE. My conscience tells me he is lawful king. 150

K. HEN. [*Aside*] All will revolt from me, and turn to  
him.

NORTH. Plantagenet, for all the claim thou lay'st,  
Think not that Henry shall be so deposed.

WAR. Deposed he shall be, in despite of all.

NORTH. Thou art deceived: 't is not thy southern  
power,

Of Essex, Norfolk, Suffolk, nor of Kent,  
Which makes thee thus presumptuous and proud,  
Can set the duke up in despite of me.

CLIF. King Henry, be thy title right or wrong,  
Lord Clifford vows to fight in thy defence: 160  
May that ground gape and swallow me alive,  
Where I shall kneel to him that slew my father!

---

144 *prejudicial to his crown*] detrimental to the throne, injurious to the  
prerogative of monarchy.

K. HEN. O Clifford, how thy words revive my heart!

YORK. Henry of Lancaster, resign thy crown.

What mutter you, or what conspire you, lords?

WAR. Do right unto this princely Duke of York,  
Or I will fill the house with armed men,  
And over the chair of state, where now he sits,  
Write up his title with usurping blood.

*[He stamps with his foot, and the Soldiers show themselves.]*

K. HEN. My lord of Warwick, hear me but one word:

Let me for this my life-time reign as king. 171

YORK. Confirm the crown to me and to mine heirs,  
And thou shalt reign in quiet while thou livest.

KING. I am content: Richard Plantagenet,  
Enjoy the kingdom after my decease.

CLIF. What wrong is this unto the prince your son!

WAR. What good is this to England and himself!

WEST. Base, fearful and despairing Henry!

CLIF. How hast thou injured both thyself and us!

WEST. I cannot stay to hear these articles. 180

NORTH. Nor I.

CLIF. Come, cousin, let us tell the queen these news.

WEST. Farewell, faint-hearted and degenerate king,  
In whose cold blood no spark of honour bides.

NORTH. Be thou a prey unto the house of York,  
And die in bands for this unmanly deed!

CLIF. In dreadful war mayst thou be overcome,  
Or live in peace abandon'd and despised!

*[Exeunt North., Cliff., and West.]*

---

186 *in bands*] in bonds, in imprisonment. Cf. Marlowe's *Edward II*,  
III, i, 3: "weaponless must I fall and die *in bands*."

WAR. Turn this way, Henry, and regard them not. 189

EXE. They seek revenge and therefore will not yield.

K. HEN. Ah, Exeter!

WAR. Why should you sigh, my lord?

K. HEN. Not for myself, Lord Warwick, but my son,  
Whom I unnaturally shall disinherit.

But be it as it may: I here entail

The crown to thee and to thine heirs for ever;

Conditionally, that here thou take an oath

To cease this civil war, and, whilst I live,

To honour me as thy king and sovereign,

And neither by treason nor hostility

To seek to put me down and reign thyself. 200

YORK. This oath I willingly take and will perform.

WAR. Long live King Henry! Plantagenet, embrace  
him.

K. HEN. And long live thou and these thy forward  
sons!

YORK. Now York and Lancaster are reconciled.

EXE. Accursed be he that seeks to make them foes!

[*Sennet. Here they come down.*]

YORK. Farewell, my gracious lord; I'll to my castle.

WAR. And I'll keep London with my soldiers.

NORF. And I to Norfolk with my followers.

---

205 (stage direction) *Sennet . . . down*] The sennet is a flourish played on a trumpet. The speakers here apparently descend from the dais, on which the throne stands. Capell substitutes for this stage direction, *Flourish; and the Lords come forward.*

206 *my castle*] Sandal Castle near Wakefield, in Yorkshire, where the next scene takes place.

SCENE I

KING HENRY VI

MONT. And I unto the sea from whence I came.

*[Exeunt York and his Sons, Warwick, Norfolk,  
Montague, their Soldiers, and Attendants.]*

K. HEN. And I, with grief and sorrow, to the court. 210

*Enter QUEEN MARGARET and the PRINCE OF WALES*

EXE. Here comes the queen, whose looks bewray her  
anger:

I'll steal away.

K. HEN. Exeter, so will I.

Q. MAR. Nay, go not from me; I will follow thee.

K. HEN. Be patient, gentle queen, and I will stay.

Q. MAR. Who can be patient in such extremes?

Ah, wretched man! would I had died a maid,  
And never seen thee, never borne thee son,  
Seeing thou hast proved so unnatural a father!  
Hath he deserved to lose his birthright thus?  
Hadst thou but loved him half so well as I, 220  
Or felt that pain which I did for him once,  
Or nourish'd him as I did with my blood,  
Thou wouldst have left thy dearest heart-blood there,  
Rather than have made that savage duke thine heir,  
And disinherited thine only son.

PRINCE. Father, you cannot disinherit me:  
If you be king, why should not I succeed?

K. HEN. Pardon me, Margaret; pardon me, sweet  
son:

The Earl of Warwick and the duke enforced me.

Q. MAR. Enforced thee! art thou king, and wilt be  
forced? 230

I shame to hear thee speak. Ah, timorous wretch!

[ 13 ]

Thou hast undone thyself, thy son, and me;  
 And given unto the house of York such head,  
 As thou shalt reign but by their sufferance.  
 To entail him and his heirs unto the crown,  
 What is it, but to make thy sepulchre,  
 And creep into it far before thy time?  
 Warwick is chancellor and the lord of Calais;  
 Stern Falconbridge commands the narrow seas;  
 The duke is made protector of the realm;  
 And yet shalt thou be safe? such safety finds  
 The trembling lamb environed with wolves.  
 Had I been there, which am a silly woman,  
 The soldiers should have toss'd me on their pikes,  
 Before I would have granted to that act.  
 But thou preferr'st thy life before thine honour:  
 And seeing thou dost, I here divorce myself  
 Both from thy table, Henry, and thy bed,  
 Until that act of parliament be repeal'd,

240

233 *given . . . such head*] given such rein, such liberty (as of a horse).

239 *Stern Falconbridge . . . seas*] Inaccurate reference is here made to Thomas, commonly called the Bastard of Falconbridge, natural son of Warwick's uncle, William Neville, Earl of Kent, and Baron Falconbridge. The command of the narrow seas (*i. e.*, St. George's Channel between Dover and Calais) was not bestowed on the Bastard of Falconbridge at the period of this scene, but nearly eleven years later, in 1471, when he supported the Earl of Warwick in his defection from the cause of Edward IV, he was by the Earl made "Captain of his navy." When "the narrow seas" are mentioned again, IV, viii, 3, *infra*, the term is applied to the passage between England and Holland. But St. George's Channel is usually intended. Cf. *Merch. of Ven.*, II, viii, 28-29: "*the narrow seas*, that part The French and English."

Whereby my son is disinherited. 250

The northern lords that have forsworn thy colours  
Will follow mine, if once they see them spread;  
And spread they shall be, to thy foul disgrace  
And utter ruin of the house of York.

Thus do I leave thee. Come, son, let's away;  
Our army is ready; come, we'll after them.

K. HEN. Stay, gentle Margaret, and hear me speak.

Q. MAR. Thou hast spoke too much already: get  
thee gone.

K. HEN. Gentle son Edward, thou wilt stay with me?

Q. MAR. Ay, to be murder'd by his enemies. 260

PRINCE. When I return with victory from the field  
I'll see your grace: till then I'll follow her.

Q. MAR. Come, son, away; we may not linger thus.

*[Exeunt Queen Margaret and the Prince.]*

K. HEN. Poor queen! how love to me and to her son  
Hath made her break out into terms of rage!  
Revenged may she be on that hateful duke,  
Whose haughty spirit, winged with desire,  
Will cost my crown, and like an empty eagle  
Tire on the flesh of me and of my son!

---

268 *cost*] cost me. This is the Folio reading. Numerous emendations have been suggested, *e. g.*, *truss* (Hanmer), *souse* (Dyce), *cote* (Steevens), *coast* (Warburton); "truss" and "souse" are terms in falconry, implying a swift plunge of the hawk on the flying prey; "cote" and "coast" are both met with in the sense of "overtake" or "come up with." No change seems essential.

268-269 *an empty eagle Tire*] Cf. *Venus and Adonis*, 55-56: "*an empty eagle*, sharp by fast, *Tires* [*i. e.*, feeds ravenously] with her beak on feathers, *flesh* and bone."

THE THIRD PART OF

ACT I

The loss of those three lords torments my heart: 270  
I'll write unto them and entreat them fair.  
Come, cousin, you shall be the messenger.  
EXE. And I, I hope, shall reconcile them all. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II — SANDAL CASTLE

*Enter* RICHARD, EDWARD, and MONTAGUE

RICH. Brother, though I be youngest, give me leave.  
EDW. No, I can better play the orator.  
MONT. But I have reasons strong and forcible.

*Enter the* DUKE OF YORK

YORK. Why, how now, sons and brother! at a  
    strife?  
What is your quarrel? how began it first?  
EDW. No quarrel, but a slight contention.  
YORK. About what?  
RICH. About that which concerns your grace and  
    us;  
The crown of England, father, which is yours.  
YORK. Mine, boy? not till King Henry be dead. 10  
RICH. Your right depends not on his life or  
    death.  
EDW. Now you are heir, therefore enjoy it now:  
By giving the house of Lancaster leave to breathe,  
It will outrun you, father, in the end.

---

4 and brother] See note on I, i, 14, *supra*.

YORK. I took an oath that he should quietly reign.

EDW. But for a kingdom any oath may be broken:  
I would break a thousand oaths to reign one year.

RICH. No; God forbid your grace should be for-  
sworn.

YORK. I shall be, if I claim by open war.

RICH. I'll prove the contrary, if you'll hear me  
speak.

20

YORK. Thou canst not, son; it is impossible.

RICH. An oath is of no moment, being not took  
Before a true and lawful magistrate,

That hath authority over him that swears:  
Henry had none, but did usurp the place;  
Then, seeing 't was he that made you to depose,  
Your oath, my lord, is vain and frivolous.

Therefore, to arms! And, father, do but think  
How sweet a thing it is to wear a crown;

Within whose circuit is Elysium,

30

And all that poets feign of bliss and joy.

Why do we linger thus? I cannot rest

Until the white rose that I wear be dyed

Even in the lukewarm blood of Henry's heart.

YORK. Richard, enough; I will be king, or die.

Brother, thou shalt to London presently,

And whet on Warwick to this enterprise.

Thou, Richard, shalt to the Duke of Norfolk,

And tell him privily of our intent.

You, Edward, shall unto my Lord Cobham,

40

With whom the Kentishmen will willingly rise:

In them I trust; for they are soldiers,



THE THIRD PART OF

ACT I

Witty, courteous, liberal, full of spirit.  
While you are thus employ'd, what resteth more,  
But that I seek occasion how to rise,  
And yet the king not privy to my drift,  
Nor any of the house of Lancaster?

*Enter a Messenger*

But, stay: what news? Why comest thou in such  
post?

MESS. The queen with all the northern earls and  
lords

Intend here to besiege you in your castle: 50  
She is hard by with twenty thousand men;  
And therefore fortify your hold, my lord.

YORK. Ay, with my sword. What! think'st thou  
that we fear them?

Edward and Richard, you shall stay with me;  
My brother Montague shall post to London:  
Let noble Warwick, Cobham, and the rest,

43 *Witty*] Intelligent. Thus the original editions. Theobald substituted *Wealthy*.

48 (stage direction) *Enter a Messenger*] Thus the Quartos. The Folios read *Enter Gabriel*, and give the messenger's speech below (ll. 49-52) to "Gabriel." "Gabriel" was doubtless the name of the actor who filled the part. Cf. III, i, 1, *infra*. Gabriel Spencer was the actor whom Ben Jonson killed in a duel on September 22, 1598. Heywood in his *Apology for Actors* (1612) respectfully mentions "Gabriel" with four other actors, who, though dead, enjoyed great posthumous reputations (*Shakesp. Society Reprint*, p. 43).

*post*] post-haste. Cf. III, iii, 222, and V, v, 84, *infra*.

55 and 60 *brother*] See note on I, i, 14, *supra*.

Whom we have left protectors of the king,  
 With powerful policy strengthen themselves,  
 And trust not simple Henry nor his oaths.

MONT. Brother, I go; I'll win them, fear it not: 60  
 And thus most humbly I do take my leave. [Exit.]

*Enter SIR JOHN MORTIMER and SIR HUGH MORTIMER*

YORK. Sir John and Sir Hugh Mortimer, mine  
       uncles,  
 You are come to Sandal in a happy hour;  
 The army of the queen mean to besiege us.

SIR JOHN. She shall not need; we'll meet her in the  
       field.

YORK. What, with five thousand men?

RICH. Ay, with five hundred, father, for a need:  
 A woman's general; what should we fear?

[A march afar off.]

EDW. I hear their drums: let's set our men in  
       order,  
 And issue forth and bid them battle straight. 70

YORK. Five men to twenty! though the odds be  
       great,

I doubt not, uncle, of our victory.  
 Many a battle have I won in France,  
 When as the enemy hath been ten to one:  
 Why should I not now have the like success?

[Alarum. Exeunt.]

---

62 *Sir John . . . Hugh*] These knights were illegitimate sons of York's maternal grandfather, Roger Mortimer, Earl of March. Holinshed calls them York's "bastard uncles." See I, iv, 2, *infra*.

THE THIRD PART OF

ACT I

SCENE III — FIELD OF BATTLE BETWIXT SANDAL  
CASTLE AND WAKEFIELD

*Alarums — Enter RUTLAND and his Tutor*

RUT. Ah, whither shall I fly to 'scape their hands?  
Ah, tutor, look where bloody Clifford comes!

*Enter CLIFFORD and Soldiers*

CLIF. Chaplain, away! thy priesthood saves thy life.  
As for the brat of this accursed duke,  
Whose father slew my father, he shall die.

TUT. And I, my lord, will bear him company.

CLIF. Soldiers, away with him!

TUT. Ah, Clifford, murder not this innocent child,  
Lest thou be hated both of God and man!

*[Exit, dragged off by Soldiers.]*

CLIF. How now! is he dead already? or is it fear 10  
That makes him close his eyes? I'll open them.

RUT. So looks the pent-up lion o'er the wretch  
That trembles under his devouring paws;  
And so he walks, insulting o'er his prey,  
And so he comes, to rend his limbs asunder.  
Ah, gentle Clifford, kill me with thy sword,  
And not with such a cruel threatening look.

5 *Whose*] The antecedent is "brat." The young Earl of Rutland was  
third son of the Duke of York, who slew "young" Clifford's father  
at the battle of St. Albans, according to 2 *Hen. VI*, V, iii, 13-28;  
but cf. *supra* I, i, 7.

12 *pent-up*] long confined without food.

Sweet Clifford, hear me speak before I die.  
I am too mean a subject for thy wrath:  
Be thou revenged on men, and let me live. 20

CLIF. In vain thou speak'st, poor boy; my father's  
blood  
Hath stopp'd the passage where thy words should  
enter.

RUT. Then let my father's blood open it again:  
He is a man, and, Clifford, cope with him.

CLIF. Had I thy brethren here, their lives and thine  
Were not revenge sufficient for me;  
No, if I digg'd up thy forefathers' graves,  
And hung their rotten coffins up in chains,  
It could not slake mine ire, nor ease my heart.  
The sight of any of the house of York 30  
Is as a fury to torment my soul;  
And till I root out their accursed line  
And leave not one alive, I live in hell.

Therefore — [Lifting his hand.

RUT. O, let me pray before I take my death!  
To thee I pray; sweet Clifford, pity me!

CLIF. Such pity as my rapier's point affords.

RUT. I never did thee harm: why wilt thou slay me?

CLIF. Thy father hath.

RUT. But 't was ere I was born.  
Thou hast one son; for his sake pity me, 40

---

39 *But . . . born*] This is an error. The speaker, who was slain in his eighteenth year, was in his thirteenth year when his father, the Duke of York, is alleged to have slain Clifford's father. Hall and Holinshed state in error that Rutland was twelve at the date of his death.

Lest in revenge thereof, sith God is just,  
 He be as miserably slain as I.  
 Ah, let me live in prison all my days;  
 And when I give occasion of offence,  
 Then let me die, for now thou hast no cause.

CLIF. No cause!

Thy father slew my father; therefore, die. [*Stabs him.*

RUT. Di faciant laudis summa sit ista tuæ! [*Dies.*

CLIF. Plantagenet! I come, Plantagenet!

And this thy son's blood cleaving to my blade 50  
 Shall rust upon my weapon, till thy blood,  
 Congeal'd with this, do make me wipe off both. [*Exit.*

#### SCENE IV — ANOTHER PART OF THE FIELD

*Alarum. Enter RICHARD, Duke of York*

YORK. The army of the queen hath got the field:  
 My uncles both are slain in rescuing me;  
 And all my followers to the eager foe  
 Turn back and fly, like ships before the wind,  
 Or lambs pursued by hunger-starved wolves.  
 My sons, God knows what hath bechanced them:  
 But this I know, they have demean'd themselves

48 *Di . . . tuæ* !] From Ovid's *Heroides*, Phyllis to Demophoon, II, 66:  
 "God grant this may be the height of your glory."

2 *My uncles . . . rescuing me*] According to Holinshed, Sir John Mortimer and Sir Hugh Mortimer (see I, ii, 62 *seq.*, *supra*) were slain in the general fight within the same "half an houre" as York and other "of his trustie freends" at this battle of Wakefield.

## SCENE IV

## KING HENRY VI

Like men born to renown by life or death.  
Three times did Richard make a lane to me,  
And thrice cried "Courage, father! fight it out!" 10  
And full as oft came Edward to my side,  
With purple falchion, painted to the hilt  
In blood of those that had encounter'd him:  
And when the hardiest warriors did retire,  
Richard cried, "Charge! and give no foot of ground!"  
And cried, "A crown, or else a glorious tomb!  
A sceptre, or an earthly sepulchre!"  
With this, we charged again: but, out, alas!  
We bodged again; as I have seen a swan  
With bootless labour swim against the tide 20  
And spend her strength with over-matching waves.

[A short alarum within.]

Ah, hark! the fatal followers do pursue;  
And I am faint, and cannot fly their fury:  
And were I strong, I would not shun their fury:  
The sands are number'd that make up my life;  
Here must I stay, and here my life must end.

*Enter* QUEEN MARGARET, CLIFFORD, NORTHUMBERLAND, the  
young Prince, and Soldiers

Come, bloody Clifford, rough Northumberland,  
I dare your quenchless fury to more rage:  
I am your butt, and I abide your shot.

NORTH. Yield to our mercy, proud Plantagenet. 30

CLIF. Ay, to such mercy as his ruthless arm,  
With downright payment, show'd unto my father.

19 *bodged*] gave ground; a variant form of "budded."

THE THIRD PART OF

ACT I

Now Phaëthon hath tumbled from his car,  
And made an evening at the noontide prick.

YORK. My ashes, as the phoenix, may bring forth  
A bird that will revenge upon you all:

And in that hope I throw mine eyes to heaven,  
Scorning whate'er you can afflict me with.

Why come you not? what! multitudes, and fear?

CLIF. So cowards fight when they can fly no further; 40  
So doves do peck the falcon's piercing talons;  
So desperate thieves, all hopeless of their lives,  
Breathe out invectives 'gainst the officers.

YORK. O Clifford, but bethink thee once again,  
And in thy thought o'er-run my former time;  
And, if thou canst for blushing, view this face,  
And bite thy tongue, that slanders him with cowardice  
Whose frown hath made thee faint and fly ere this!

CLIF. I will not bandy thee with word for word,  
But buckle with thee blows, twice two for one. 50

Q. MAR. Hold, valiant Clifford! for a thousand  
causes

I would prolong awhile the traitor's life.  
Wrath makes him deaf: speak thou, Northumberland.

NORTH. Hold, Clifford! do not honour him so much  
To prick thy finger, though to wound his heart:  
What valour were it, when a cur doth grin,  
For one to thrust his hand between his teeth,  
When he might spurn him with his foot away?

---

34 *noontide prick*] mark of noon on the dial's face. Cf. *Rom. and Jul.*, II, iv, 128: "the *prick of noon*," and *Lucrece*, 781: "Ere he arrive his weary *noontide prick*."

It is war's prize to take all vantages;  
And ten to one is no impeach of valour. 60

[*They lay hands on York, who struggles.*]

CLIF. Ay, ay, so strives the woodcock with the gin.

NORTH. So doth the cony struggle in the net.

YORK. So triumph thieves upon their conquer'd booty;  
So true men yield, with robbers so o'er-match'd.

NORTH. What would your grace have done unto him  
now?

Q. MAR. Brave warriors, Clifford and Northum-  
berland,

Come, make him stand upon this molehill here,  
That raught at mountains with outstretched arms,  
Yet parted but the shadow with his hand.  
What! was it you that would be England's king? 70  
Was 't you that revell'd in our parliament,  
And made a preachment of your high descent?  
Where are your mess of sons to back you now?  
The wanton Edward, and the lusty George?  
And where's that valiant crook-back prodigy,  
Dicky your boy, that with his grumbling voice  
Was wont to cheer his dad in mutinies?  
Or, with the rest, where is your darling Rutland?  
Look, York: I stain'd this napkin with the blood  
That valiant Clifford, with his rapier's point, 80  
Made issue from the bosom of the boy;

68 *raught*] the old preterite of "reach." Cf. 2 *Hen. VI*, II, iii, 43.

69 *parted . . . hand*] divided merely the shadow, failed to touch the substance.

73 *mess*] a party or company of four persons. See *L. L. L.*, IV, iii, 203, and note.



# THE THIRD PART OF

ACT I

And if thine eyes can water for his death,  
 I give thee this to dry thy cheeks withal.  
 Alas, poor York! but that I hate thee deadly,  
 I should lament thy miserable state.  
 I prithee, grieve, to make me merry, York.  
 What, hath thy fiery heart so parch'd thine entrails  
 That not a tear can fall for Rutland's death?  
 Why art thou patient, man? thou shouldst be mad;  
 And I, to make thee mad, do mock thee thus. 90  
 Stamp, rave, and fret, that I may sing and dance.  
 Thou wouldst be fee'd, I see, to make me sport:  
 York cannot speak, unless he wear a crown.  
 A crown for York! and, lords, bow low to him:  
 Hold you his hands, whilst I do set it on.

*[Putting a paper crown on his head.]*

Ay, marry, sir, now looks he like a king!  
 Ay, this is he that took King Henry's chair;  
 And this is he was his adopted heir.  
 But how is it that great Plantagenet  
 Is crown'd so soon, and broke his solemn oath? 100  
 As I bethink me, you should not be king  
 Till our King Henry had shook hands with death.  
 And will you pale your head in Henry's glory,  
 And rob his temples of the diadem,  
 Now in his life, against your holy oath?  
 O, 't is a fault too too unpardonable!  
 Off with the crown; and, with the crown, his head;  
 And, whilst we breathe, take time to do him dead.

103 *pale*] encircle as with a pale or paling.

108 *do him dead*] put him to death. Cf. III, iii, 103: "done to death."

CLIF. That is my office, for my father's sake.

Q. MAR. Nay, stay; let's hear the orisons he makes.

YORK. She-wolf of France, but worse than wolves  
of France, 111

Whose tongue more poisons than the adder's tooth!

How ill-beseeming is it in thy sex

To triumph, like an Amazonian trull,

Upon their woes whom fortune captivates!

But that thy face is, visard-like, unchanging,

Made impudent with use of evil deeds,

I would essay, proud queen, to make thee blush.

To tell thee whence thou camest, of whom derived,

Were shame enough to shame thee, wert thou not  
shameless. 120

Thy father bears the type of King of Naples,

Of both the Sicils and Jerusalem,

Yet not so wealthy as an English yeoman.

Hath that poor monarch taught thee to insult?

It needs not, nor it boots thee not, proud queen,

Unless the adage must be verified,

That beggars mounted run their horse to death.

'T is beauty that doth oft make women proud;

But, God He knows, thy share thereof is small:

'T is virtue that doth make them most admired; 130

The contrary doth make thee wonder'd at:

110 *orisons*] prayers. Cf. *Hamlet*, III, i, 89-90: "in thy *orisons* Be all my sins remember'd."

115 *captivates*] makes captive.

122 *the Sicils*] the two kingdoms of Sicily, — Naples and Sicily, — to both of which Queen Margaret's father preferred a nominal claim. Cf. V, vii, 39, *infra*.

'T is government that makes them seem divine;  
 The want thereof makes thee abominable:  
 Thou art as opposite to every good  
 As the Antipodes are unto us,  
 Or as the south to the septentrion.  
 O tiger's heart wrapp'd in a woman's hide!  
 How couldst thou drain the life-blood of the child,  
 To bid the father wipe his eyes withal,  
 And yet be seen to bear a woman's face? 140  
 Women are soft, mild, pitiful and flexible;  
 Thou stern, obdurate, flinty, rough, remorseless.  
 Bid'st thou me rage? why, now thou hast thy wish:  
 Wouldst have me weep? why, now thou hast thy will:  
 For raging wind blows up incessant showers,  
 And when the rage allays, the rain begins.  
 These tears are my sweet Rutland's obsequies:  
 And every drop cries vengeance for his death,  
 'Gainst thee, fell Clifford, and thee, false Frenchwoman.

132 *government*] behaviour, self-control.

136 *septentrion*] the north. Cf. Greene's *Mourning Garment*, 1590 (ed. Grosart, IX, 136): "the *septentrionall* cloudes that freeze," and Milton, *Parad. Reg.*, IV, 31: "cold *septentrion* blasts."

137 *O tiger's heart . . . hide!*] Parodied by Robert Greene in his *Groats-worth of Wit*, 1592, in the familiar passage maliciously attacking Shakespeare: "There is an upstart Crow, beautified with our feathers, that with his *Tyggers heart wrapt in a players hide* supposes he is as well able to bumbast out a blanke verse as the best of you."

145-146 *For raging wind . . . rain begins*] Cf. II, v, 85-86, *infra*, and *Lucrece*, 1788-1791: "This *windy* tempest, till it *blow up rain*, Held back his sorrow's tide, to make it more; At last *it rains*, and *busy winds give o'er*: Then son and father weep with equal strife."

NORTH. Beshrew me, but his passion moves me so 150  
That hardly can I check my eyes from tears.

YORK. That face of his the hungry cannibals  
Would not have touch'd, would not have stain'd with  
blood:

But you are more inhuman, more inexorable,  
O, ten times more, than tigers of Hyrcania.  
See, ruthless queen, a hapless father's tears:  
This cloth thou dip'dst in blood of my sweet boy,  
And I with tears do wash the blood away.  
Keep thou the napkin, and go boast of this:  
And if thou tell'st the heavy story right, 160  
Upon my soul, the hearers will shed tears;  
Yea, even my foes will shed fast-falling tears,  
And say "Alas, it was a piteous deed!"  
There, take the crown, and, with the crown, my  
curse;

And in thy need such comfort come to thee  
As now I reap at thy too cruel hand!  
Hard-hearted Clifford, take me from the world:  
My soul to heaven, my blood upon your heads!

NORTH. Had he been slaughter-man to all my kin,  
I should not for my life but weep with him, 170  
To see how inly sorrow gripes his soul.

Q. MAR. What, weeping-ripe, my Lord Northum-  
berland?

Think but upon the wrong he did us all,  
And that will quickly dry thy melting tears.

---

155 *Hyrcania*] The classical name of a wild region south of the Caspian  
Sea. See note on *Merch. of Ven.*, II, vii, 41.

THIRD PART OF KING HENRY VI ACT I

---

CLIF. Here's for my oath, here's for my father's  
death. *[Stabbing him.]*

Q. MAR. And here's to right our gentle-hearted  
king. *[Stabbing him.]*

YORK. Open Thy gate of mercy, gracious God!  
My soul flies through these wounds to seek out Thee.  
*[Dies.]*

Q. MAR. Off with his head, and set it on York gates;  
So York may overlook the town of York.  
*[Flourish. Exeunt.]*



ACT SECOND — SCENE I

A PLAIN NEAR MORTIMER'S CROSS IN  
HEREFORDSHIRE

*A march. Enter EDWARD, RICHARD, and their power*

EDWARD



WONDER HOW OUR  
princely father 'scaped,  
Or whether he be 'scaped away  
or no  
From Clifford's and Northum-  
berland's pursuit:  
Had he been ta'en, we should  
have heard the news;  
Had he been slain, we should  
have heard the news;  
Or had he 'scaped, methinks  
we should have heard  
The happy tidings of his good  
escape.

How fares my brother? why is he so sad?

RICH. I cannot joy, until I be resolved

<sup>1</sup> *I wonder . . . 'scaped*] An almost *verbatim* repetition of the first line  
of this play (I. i. 1.)

THE THIRD PART OF      ACT II

Where our right valiant father is become. 10  
 I saw him in the battle range about;  
 And watch'd him how he singled Clifford forth.  
 Methought he bore him in the thickest troop  
 As doth a lion in a herd of neat;  
 Or as a bear, encompass'd round with dogs,  
 Who having pinch'd a few and made them cry,  
 The rest stand all aloof, and bark at him.  
 So fared our father with his enemies;  
 So fled his enemies my warlike father:  
 Methinks, 't is prize enough to be his son. 20  
 See how the morning opes her golden gates,  
 And takes her farewell of the glorious sun!  
 How well resembles it the prime of youth,  
 Trimm'd like a younker prancing to his love!  
 EDW. Dazzle mine eyes, or do I see three suns?  
 RICH. Three glorious suns, each one a perfect sun;  
 Not separated with the racking clouds,  
 But sever'd in a pale clear-shining sky.

10 *Where . . . become*] What has become of our father. Cf. IV, iv, 25, *infra*: "where is Warwick then become?"

14 *neat*] horned cattle.

25 *three suns*] Here, according to the stage direction of the Quartos, *Three sunns appear in the aire*. The chroniclers Hall and Holinshed mention this optical illusion, which Edward, the Duke of York's heir, experienced on the eve of the battle of Mortimer's Cross, February 2, 1461, when he defeated a Lancastrian army. That engagement is ignored in the play, which in this scene departs widely from the historic turn of events.

27 *racking clouds*] clouds moving rapidly in mass. Cf. *Sonnet xxxiii*, 5-6: "Anon permit the basest clouds to ride With ugly rack on his celestial face."

See, see! they join, embrace, and seem to kiss,  
 As if they vow'd some league inviolable: 30  
 Now are they but one lamp, one light, one sun.  
 In this the heaven figures some event.

EDW. 'T is wondrous strange, the like yet never  
 heard of.

I think it cites us, brother, to the field,  
 That we, the sons of brave Plantagenet,  
 Each one already blazing by our meeds,  
 Should notwithstanding join our lights together,  
 And over-shine the earth as this the world.  
 Whate'er it bodes, henceforward will I bear  
 Upon my target three fair-shining suns. 40

RICH. Nay, bear three daughters: by your leave I  
 speak it,  
 You love the breeder better than the male.

*Enter a Messenger*

But what art thou, whose heavy looks foretell  
 Some dreadful story hanging on thy tongue?

MESS. Ah, one that was a woful looker-on  
 When as the noble Duke of York was slain,  
 Your princely father and my loving lord!

33 *wondrous strange*] Cf. *Mids. N. Dr.*, V, i, 59, and *Hamlet*, I, v, 164.

36 *blazing by our meeds*] shining with a brilliance proportioned to our merits.

39-40 *will I bear . . . suns*] Cf. V, iii, 5, *infra*.

42 *breeder*] woman, female. This jest, appropriate enough to Edward's amorous character, sounds in the context a somewhat jarring note.



THE THIRD PART OF ACT II

EDW. O, speak no more, for I have heard too much.

RICH. Say how he died, for I will hear it all.

MESS. Environed he was with many foes, 50  
 And stood against them, as the hope of Troy  
 Against the Greeks that would have enter'd Troy.  
 But Hercules himself must yield to odds;  
 And many strokes, though with a little axe,  
 Hew down and fell the hardest-timber'd oak.  
 By many hands your father was subdued;  
 But only slaughter'd by the ireful arm  
 Of unrelenting Clifford and the queen,  
 Who crown'd the gracious duke in high despite,  
 Laugh'd in his face; and when with grief he wept, 60  
 The ruthless queen gave him to dry his cheeks  
 A napkin steeped in the harmless blood  
 Of sweet young Rutland, by rough Clifford slain:  
 And after many scorns, many foul taunts,  
 They took his head, and on the gates of York  
 They set the same; and there it doth remain,  
 The saddest spectacle that e'er I view'd.

EDW. Sweet Duke of York, our prop to lean upon,  
 Now thou art gone, we have no staff, no stay.  
 O Clifford, boisterous Clifford! thou hast slain 70  
 The flower of Europe for his chivalry;  
 And treacherously hast thou vanquish'd him,  
 For hand to hand he would have vanquish'd thee.

---

51 *the hope of Troy*] Hector. Cf. IV, viii, 25: "my Hector, and my  
*Troy's true hope.*"

59 *in high despite*] in excess of spite, in height of scornful malice. Cf. II,  
 vi, 80, *infra*: "in *all despite*."

Now my soul's palace is become a prison:  
Ah, would she break from hence, that this my body  
Might in the ground be closed up in rest!  
For never henceforth shall I joy again,  
Never, O never, shall I see more joy!

RICH. I cannot weep; for all my body's moisture  
Scarce serves to quench my furnace-burning heart: 80  
Nor can my tongue unload my heart's great burthen;  
For selfsame wind that I should speak withal  
Is kindling coals that fires all my breast,  
And burns me up with flames that tears would quench.  
To weep is to make less the depth of grief:  
Tears then for babes; blows and revenge for me!  
Richard, I bear thy name; I'll venge thy death,  
Or die renowned by attempting it.

EDW. His name that valiant duke hath left with  
thee;  
His dukedom and his chair with me is left. 90

RICH. Nay, if thou be that princely eagle's bird,  
Show thy descent by gazing 'gainst the sun:  
For chair and dukedom, throne and kingdom say;  
Either that is thine, or else thou wert not his.

---

80 *furnace-burning*] burning like a furnace. Cf. IV, viii, 43, *infra*,  
"water-flowing tears," and V, i, 57, "*Wind-changing Warwick*."

91-92 *princely eagle's bird . . . sun*] It was a familiar tradition of  
natural history that the genuineness of a young eagle's breed could  
be tested by its power of facing without flinching the glare of the  
sun. The conceit, which was very common in late Latin poetry,  
abounds in Elizabethan literature. Cf. *Elizabethan Sonnets* (ed.  
Sidney Lee), *Introd.*, p. xci.

THE THIRD PART OF ACT II

*March. Enter WARWICK, MARQUESS OF MONTAGUE, and  
their army*

WAR. How now, fair lords! What fare? what news  
abroad?

RICH. Great Lord of Warwick, if we should recount  
Our baleful news, and at each word's deliverance  
Stab poniards in our flesh till all were told,  
The words would add more anguish than the wounds.  
O valiant lord, the Duke of York is slain! 100

EDW. O Warwick, Warwick! that Plantagenet,  
Which held thee dearly as his soul's redemption,  
Is by the stern Lord Clifford done to death.

WAR. Ten days ago I drown'd these news in tears;  
And now, to add more measure to your woes,  
I come to tell you things sith then befall'n.  
After the bloody fray at Wakefield fought,  
Where your brave father breathed his latest gasp,  
Tidings, as swiftly as the posts could run,  
Were brought me of your loss and his depart. 110  
I, then in London, keeper of the king,  
Muster'd my soldiers, gather'd flocks of friends,  
And very well appointed, as I thought,  
March'd toward Saint Alban's to intercept the queen,  
Bearing the king in my behalf along;

103 *done to death*] Cf. I, iv, 108, *supra*: *do him dead*.

105 *add more measure to*] increase the measure of.

110 *depart*] departure, parting from life, death. Cf. II, vi, 43, *infra*,  
"life and death's *departing*," and IV, i, 92, "At my *depart*."

113 *And . . . thought*] This line, which is omitted in the Folios, was  
restored from the Quartos by Steevens.

For by my scouts I was advertised,  
That she was coming with a full intent  
To dash our late decree in parliament,  
Touching King Henry's oath and your succession. 120  
Short tale to make, we at Saint Alban's met,  
Our battles join'd, and both sides fiercely fought:  
But whether 't was the coldness of the king,  
Who look'd full gently on his warlike queen,  
That robb'd my soldiers of their heated spleen;  
Or whether 't was report of her success;  
Or more than common fear of Clifford's rigour,  
Who thunders to his captives blood and death,  
I cannot judge: but, to conclude with truth,  
Their weapons like to lightning came and went;  
Our soldiers', like the night-owl's lazy flight, 130  
Or like an idle thresher with a flail,  
Fell gently down, as if they struck their friends.  
I cheer'd them up with justice of our cause,  
With promise of high pay and great rewards:  
But all in vain; they had no heart to fight,  
And we in them no hope to win the day;  
So that we fled; the king unto the queen;  
Lord George your brother, Norfolk and myself,  
In haste, post-haste, are come to join with you;  
For in the marches here we heard you were, 140  
Making another head to fight again.

EDW. Where is the Duke of Norfolk, gentle Warwick?  
And when came George from Burgundy to England?

121 *Our battles join'd*] Our armies joined battle. Cf. I, i, 15, *supra*.

141 *Making another head*] Gathering another force.

WAR. Some six miles off the duke is with the soldiers;  
And for your brother, he was lately sent  
From your kind aunt, Duchess of Burgundy,  
With aid of soldiers to this needful war.

RICH. 'T was odds, belike, when valiant Warwick  
fled:

Oft have I heard his praises in pursuit,  
But ne'er till now his scandal of retire. 150

WAR. Nor now my scandal, Richard, dost thou hear;  
For thou shalt know this strong right hand of mine  
Can pluck the diadem from faint Henry's head,  
And wring the awful sceptre from his fist,  
Were he as famous and as bold in war,  
As he is famed for mildness, peace, and prayer.

RICH. I know it well, Lord Warwick; blame me not:  
'T is love I bear thy glories makes me speak.  
But in this troublous time what's to be done?  
Shall we go throw away our coats of steel, 160  
And wrap our bodies in black mourning gowns,  
Numbering our Ave-Maries with our beads?

146 *your kind aunt*] The Duchess of Burgundy of this date was merely third cousin of young Edward and his brothers. Their sister Margaret at a later date married Charles the Bold, heir of Duke Philip, whose duchess is mentioned in this line in the text. As a matter of history the Duke of York's sons George and Richard, mere boys, were sent to Flanders immediately after their father's death (Dec. 30, 1460), and did not return to England till after their eldest brother had won his crowning victory at Towton, March 29, 1461.

150 *his scandal of retire*] the discredit of his retreat.

162 *Numbering . . . beads*] Cf. the Queen's description of the king, 2 *Hen VI*, I, iii, 59: "But all his mind is bent to holiness, To number Ave-Maries on his beads."

Or shall we on the helmets of our foes  
Tell our devotion with revengeful arms?  
If for the last, say ay, and to it, lords.

WAR. Why, therefore Warwick came to seek you out;  
And therefore comes my brother Montague.  
Attend me, lords. The proud insulting queen,  
With Clifford and the haught Northumberland,  
And of their feather many moe proud birds, 170  
Have wrought the easy-melting king like wax.  
He swore consent to your succession,  
His oath enrolled in the parliament;  
And now to London all the crew are gone,  
To frustrate both his oath and what beside  
May make against the house of Lancaster.  
Their power, I think, is thirty thousand strong:  
Now, if the help of Norfolk and myself,  
With all the friends that thou, brave Earl of March,  
Amongst the loving Welshmen canst procure, 180  
Will but amount to five and twenty thousand,  
Why, Via! to London will we march amain,  
And once again bestride our foaming steeds,  
And once again cry "Charge upon our foes!"  
But never once again turn back and fly.

170 *of their feather*] of the same plumage.

177 *thirty thousand*] Thus the Folios. The Quartos read *fifty thousand*.  
The chroniclers give the number of Lancastrian troops as 60,000 at  
the coming battle of Towton.

181 *five and twenty*] The Quartos give *eight and forty*, a number with  
which the chroniclers are in agreement. In the next scene (line 68)  
Warwick's army is said to consist of 30,000 men.

182 *Via! . . . amain*] Away! to London will we march at full speed.

THE THIRD PART OF ACT II

RICH. Ay, now methinks I hear great Warwick speak:

Ne'er may he live to see a sunshine day,  
That cries "Retire," if Warwick bid him stay.

EDW. Lord Warwick, on thy shoulder will I lean;  
And when thou fail'st — as God forbid the hour! — 190  
Must Edward fall, which peril heaven forbend!

WAR. No longer Earl of March, but Duke of York:  
The next degree is England's royal throne;  
For King of England shalt thou be proclaim'd  
In every borough as we pass along;

And he that throws not up his cap for joy  
Shall for the fault make forfeit of his head.

King Edward, valiant Richard, Montague,  
Stay we no longer, dreaming of renown,  
But sound the trumpets, and about our task. 200

RICH. Then, Clifford, were thy heart as hard as steel,  
As thou hast shown it flinty by thy deeds,  
I come to pierce it, or to give thee mine.

EDW. Then strike up drums: God and Saint George  
for us!

*Enter a Messenger*

WAR. How now! what news?

MESS. The Duke of Norfolk sends you word by me,  
The queen is coming with a puissant host;  
And craves your company for speedy counsel.

WAR. Why then it sorts, brave warriors, let's away.

*[Exeunt.]*

209 *it sorts*] it fits, turns out right.

## SCENE II — BEFORE YORK

*Flourish. Enter KING HENRY, QUEEN MARGARET, the PRINCE OF WALES, CLIFFORD, and NORTHUMBERLAND, with drum and trumpets*

Q. MAR. Welcome, my lord, to this brave town of York.

Yonder's the head of that arch-enemy  
That sought to be encompass'd with your crown:  
Doth not the object cheer your heart, my lord?

K. HEN. Ay, as the rocks cheer them that fear their wreck:

To see this sight, it irks my very soul.  
Withhold revenge, dear God! 't is not my fault,  
Nor wittingly have I infringed my vow.

CLIF. My gracious liege, this too much lenity  
And harmful pity must be laid aside.

10

To whom do lions cast their gentle looks?  
Not to the beast that would usurp their den.  
Whose hand is that the forest bear doth lick?  
Not his that spoils her young before her face.  
Who 'scapes the lurking serpent's mortal sting?  
Not he that sets his foot upon her back.  
The smallest worm will turn being trodden on,  
And doves will peck in safeguard of their brood.  
Ambitious York did level at thy crown,  
Thou smiling while he knit his angry brows:  
He, but a duke, would have his son a king,  
And raise his issue, like a loving sire;  
Thou, being a king, blest with a goodly son,  
Didst yield consent to disinherit him,

20



Which argued thee a most unloving father.  
 Unreasonable creatures feed their young;  
 And though man's face be fearful to their eyes,  
 Yet, in protection of their tender ones,  
 Who hath not seen them, even with those wings  
 Which sometime they have used with fearful flight, 30  
 Make war with him that climb'd unto their nest,  
 Offering their own lives in their young's defence?  
 For shame, my liege, make them your precedent!  
 Were it not pity that this goodly boy  
 Should lose his birthright by his father's fault,  
 And long hereafter say unto his child,  
 "What my great-grandfather and grandsire got  
 My careless father fondly gave away"?  
 Ah, what a shame were this! Look on the boy;  
 And let his manly face, which promiseth 40  
 Successful fortune, steel thy melting heart  
 To hold thine own, and leave thine own with him.  
 K. HEN. Full well hath Clifford play'd the orator,  
 Inferring arguments of mighty force.  
 But, Clifford, tell me, didst thou never hear  
 That things ill-got had ever bad success?  
 And happy always was it for that son

26 *Unreasonable*] Unreasoning, brutish.

44 *Inferring*] Adducing. This line is repeated almost verbatim, III, i, 49, *infra*.

46 *success*] issue, result.

47-48 *happy . . . hell*] the misfortunes which attend sons who inherit the estate of a miserly or covetous father form a favourite text for moralizing in Elizabethan writers. It is fully expounded by Robert Greene in *The Royal Exchange*, 1590 (ed. Grosart, Vol. VII, pp. 235, 236).

Whose father for his hoarding went to hell?  
I'll leave my son my virtuous deeds behind;  
And would my father had left me no more! 50  
For all the rest is held at such a rate  
As brings a thousand-fold more care to keep  
Than in possession any jot of pleasure.  
Ah, cousin York! would thy best friends did know  
How it doth grieve me that thy head is here!

Q. MAR. My lord, cheer up your spirits: our foes  
are nigh,

And this soft courage makes your followers faint.  
You promised knighthood to our forward son:  
Unsheathe your sword, and dub him presently.  
Edward, kneel down. 60

K. HEN. Edward Plantagenet, arise a knight;  
And learn this lesson, draw thy sword in right.

PRINCE. My gracious father, by your kingly leave,  
I'll draw it as apparent to the crown,  
And in that quarrel use it to the death.

CLIF. Why, that is spoken like a toward prince.

*Enter a Messenger*

MESS. Royal commanders, be in readiness:  
For with a band of thirty thousand men  
Comes Warwick, backing of the Duke of York;  
And in the towns, as they do march along, 70

57 *soft courage*] soft-heartedness.

64 *apparent*] heir-apparent.

68' *thirty thousand*] Thus the Folios. The Quartos read *fiftie thousand*.

See note on II, i, 181, *supra*.

# THE THIRD PART OF

ACT II

Proclaims him king, and many fly to him:  
Darraign your battle, for they are at hand.

CLIF. I would your highness would depart the field:  
The queen hath best success when you are absent.

Q. MAR. Ay, good my lord, and leave us to our  
fortune.

K. HEN. Why, that's my fortune too; therefore I'll  
stay.

NORTH. Be it with resolution then to fight.

PRINCE. My royal father, cheer these noble lords,  
And hearten those that fight in your defence:  
Unsheathe your sword, good father; cry "Saint  
George!"

80

*March. Enter EDWARD, GEORGE, RICHARD, WARWICK,  
NORFOLK, MONTAGUE, and Soldiers*

EDW. Now, perjured Henry! wilt thou kneel for  
grace

And set thy diadem upon my head;  
Or bide the mortal fortune of the field?

Q. MAR. Go, rate thy minions, proud insulting boy!  
Becomes it thee to be thus bold in terms  
Before thy sovereign and thy lawful king?

EDW. I am his king, and he should bow his knee;  
I was adopted heir by his consent:  
Since when, his oath is broke; for, as I hear,  
You, that are king, though he do wear the crown,

90

<sup>72</sup> *Darraign your battle*] Arrange, make ready your army. Cf. Hall's  
*Chronicle*, 47: "The Kyng of Englande . . . chose a place mete  
and conveniente for twoo armies to darrayne battail."

[ 44 ]

Have caused him, by new act of parliament,  
To blot out me, and put his own son in.

CLIF. And reason too:

Who should succeed the father but the son?

RICH. Are you there, butcher? O, I cannot speak!

CLIF. Ay, crook-back, here I stand to answer thee,  
Or any he the proudest of thy sort.

RICH. 'T was you that kill'd young Rutland, was it  
not?

CLIF. Ay, and old York, and yet not satisfied.

RICH. For God's sake, lords, give signal to the fight. 100

WAR. What say'st thou, Henry, wilt thou yield the  
crown?

Q. MAR. Why, how now, long-tongued Warwick!  
dare you speak?

When you and I met at Saint Alban's last,  
Your legs did better service than your hands.

WAR. Then 't was my turn to fly, and now 't is  
thine.

CLIF. You said so much before, and yet you fled.

WAR. 'T was not your valour, Clifford, drove me  
thence.

NORTH. No, nor your manhood that durst make you  
stay.

RICH. Northumberland, I hold thee reverently.

Break off the parley; for scarce I can refrain 110

The execution of my big-swoln heart  
Upon that Clifford, that cruel child-killer.

---

97 *any he . . . sort*] any man, be he the proudest of thy crew. Cf. I, i,  
46, *supra*: *The proudest he*.

CLIF. I slew thy father, call'st thou him a child?

RICH. Ay, like a dastard and a treacherous coward,  
As thou didst kill our tender brother Rutland;  
But ere sunset I'll make thee curse the deed.

K. HEN. Have done with words, my lords, and hear  
me speak.

Q. MAR. Defy them then, or else hold close thy lips.

K. HEN. I prithee, give no limits to my tongue:  
I am a king, and privileged to speak. 120

CLIF. My liege, the wound that bred this meeting  
here

Cannot be cured by words; therefore be still.

RICH. Then, executioner, unsheathe thy sword:  
By Him that made us all, I am resolved  
That Clifford's manhood lies upon his tongue.

EDW. Say, Henry, shall I have my right, or no?  
A thousand men have broke their fasts to-day,  
That ne'er shall dine unless thou yield the crown.

WAR. If thou deny, their blood upon thy head;  
For York in justice puts his armour on. 130

PRINCE. If that be right which Warwick says is right,  
There is no wrong, but every thing is right.

RICH. Whoever got thee, there thy mother stands;  
For, well I wot, thou hast thy mother's tongue.

Q. MAR. But thou art neither like thy sire nor dam;  
But like a foul mis-shapen stigmatic,

---

136 *mis-shapen stigmatic*] branded with deformity. Cf. *2 Hen. VI*, V, i, 215. Drayton, in his *England's Heroical Epistles* (Queen Margaret to the Duke of Suffolk, line 64), calls Richard "that foul ill-favoured crook-backed *stigmatic*."

Mark'd by the destinies to be avoided,  
As venom toads, or lizards' dreadful stings.

RICH. Iron of Naples hid with English gilt,  
Whose father bears the title of a king, — 140  
As if a channel should be call'd the sea, —  
Shamest thou not, knowing whence thou art extraught,  
To let thy tongue detect thy base-born heart?

EDW. A wisp of straw were worth a thousand crowns,  
To make this shameless callet know herself.  
Helen of Greece was fairer far than thou,  
Although thy husband may be Menelaus;  
And ne'er was Agamemnon's brother wrong'd  
By that false woman, as this king by thee. 150  
His father revell'd in the heart of France,  
And tamed the king, and made the dauphin stoop;  
And had he match'd according to his state,  
He might have kept that glory to this day;  
But when he took a beggar to his bed,  
And graced thy poor sire with his bridal-day,

138 *venom . . . stings*] The assignment of venom to toads, and stings to lizards, was a popular delusion. "Venom" here is used for the adjective "venomous."

141 *channel*] used in the sense of kennel or gutter; a streamlet of water.

142 *extraught*] a rare preterite of "extract."

144 *A wisp of straw*] Such an adornment was commonly set by way of scornful punishment on the head of a scold. Cf. Nash's *Pierce Penilesse*: "A wispe, you kitchen stuffe wrangler." "Callet" (in the next line) usually means a woman of loose character, rather than a scold. Cf. *2 Hen. VI*, I, iii, 81, "base-born callet."

147 *Menelaus*] i. e., a cuckold. Cf. *Troil. and Cress.*, V, i, 60, where Thersites calls Menelaus "the primitive statue, and oblique memorial of cuckolds."

THE THIRD PART OF

ACT II

Even then that sunshine brew'd a shower for him,  
That wash'd his father's fortunes forth of France,  
And heap'd sedition on his crown at home.  
For what hath broach'd this tumult but thy pride?  
Hadst thou been meek, our title still had slept; 160  
And we, in pity of the gentle king,  
Had slipp'd our claim until another age.

GEO. But when we saw our sunshine made thy spring,  
And that thy summer bred us no increase,  
We set the axe to thy usurping root;  
And though the edge hath something hit ourselves,  
Yet, know thou, since we have begun to strike,  
We'll never leave till we have hewn thee down,  
Or bathed thy growing with our heated bloods.

EDW. And, in this resolution, I defy thee; 170  
Not willing any longer conference,  
Since thou deniest the gentle king to speak.  
Sound trumpets! let our bloody colours wave!  
And either victory, or else a grave.

Q. MAR. Stay, Edward.

EDW. No, wrangling woman, we'll no longer stay:  
These words will cost ten thousand lives this day.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III — A FIELD OF BATTLE BETWEEN TOWTON  
AND SAXTON, IN YORKSHIRE

*Alarum. Excursions. Enter WARWICK*

WAR. Forspent with toil, as runners with a race,  
I lay me down a little while to breathe;

[ 48 ]

For strokes received, and many blows repaid,  
Have robb'd my strong-knit sinews of their strength,  
And spite of spite needs must I rest awhile.

*Enter EDWARD, running*

EDW. Smile, gentle heaven ! or strike, ungentle death !  
For this world frowns, and Edward's sun is clouded.

WAR. How now, my lord ! what hap ? what hope of  
good ?

*Enter GEORGE*

GEO. Our hap is loss, our hope but sad despair ;  
Our ranks are broke, and ruin follows us : 10  
What counsel give you ? whither shall we fly ?

EDW. Bootless is flight, they follow us with wings ;  
And weak we are and cannot shun pursuit.

*Enter RICHARD*

RICH. Ah, Warwick, why hast thou withdrawn  
thyself ?

Thy brother's blood the thirsty earth hath drunk,  
Broach'd with the steely point of Clifford's lance ;  
And in the very pangs of death he cried,  
Like to a dismal clangor heard from far,  
"Warwick, revenge ! brother, revenge my death !" 20  
So, underneath the belly of their steeds,  
That stain'd their fetlocks in his smoking blood,  
The noble gentleman gave up the ghost.

---

5 *spite of spite*] in spite of everything. Cf. *K. John*, V, iv, 5: "*In spite of spite.*"



THE THIRD PART OF ACT II

WAR. Then let the earth be drunken with our blood:

I'll kill my horse, because I will not fly.  
 Why stand we like soft-hearted women here,  
 Wailing our losses, whiles the foe doth rage;  
 And look upon, as if the tragedy  
 Were play'd in jest by counterfeiting actors?  
 Here on my knee I vow to God above,  
 I'll never pause again, never stand still, 30  
 Till either death hath closed these eyes of mine,  
 Or fortune given me measure of revenge.

EDW. O Warwick, I do bend my knee with thine;  
 And in this vow do chain my soul to thine!  
 And, ere my knee rise from the earth's cold face,  
 I throw my hands, mine eyes, my heart to Thee,  
 Thou setter up and plucker down of kings,  
 Beseeching Thee, if with Thy will it stands  
 That to my foes this body must be prey,  
 Yet that Thy brazen gates of heaven may ope, 40  
 And give sweet passage to my sinful soul!  
 Now, lords, take leave until we meet again,  
 Where'er it be, in heaven or in earth.

RICH. Brother, give me thy hand; and, gentle Warwick,  
 Let me embrace thee in my weary arms:  
 I, that did never weep, now melt with woe  
 That winter should cut off our spring-time so.

27 *look upon*] look on, stand by.

37 *Thou . . . kings*] This line is repeated almost verbatim, III, iii, 157, *infra*.

WAR. Away, away! Once more, sweet lords, farewell.

GEO. Yet let us all together to our troops,  
And give them leave to fly that will not stay; 50  
And call them pillars that will stand to us;  
And, if we thrive, promise them such rewards  
As victors wear at the Olympian games:  
This may plant courage in their quailing breasts;  
For yet is hope of life and victory.  
Forslow no longer, make we hence amain. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE IV — ANOTHER PART OF THE FIELD

*Excursions. Enter RICHARD and CLIFFORD*

RICH. Now, Clifford, I have singled thee alone:  
Suppose this arm is for the Duke of York,  
And this for Rutland; both bound to revenge,  
Wert thou environ'd with a brazen wall.

CLIF. Now, Richard, I am with thee here alone:  
This is the hand that stabb'd thy father York;  
And this the hand that slew thy brother Rutland;  
And here's the heart that triumphs in their death,  
And cheers these hands that slew thy sire and brother  
To execute the like upon thyself; 10  
And so, have at thee!

[*They fight. Warwick comes; Clifford flies.*]

56 *Forslow*] Loiter. The word, though not uncommon in contemporaries,  
is not used elsewhere by Shakespeare.

*amain*] at full speed; cf. II, i, 102, *supra*.

THE THIRD PART OF

ACT II

RICH. Nay, Warwick, single out some other chase;  
For I myself will hunt this wolf to death. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V — ANOTHER PART OF THE FIELD

*Alarum. Enter KING HENRY alone*

KING. This battle fares like to the morning's war,  
When dying clouds contend with growing light,  
What time the shepherd, blowing of his nails,  
Can neither call it perfect day nor night.  
Now sways it this way, like a mighty sea  
Forced by the tide to combat with the wind;  
Now sways it that way, like the selfsame sea  
Forced to retire by fury of the wind:  
Sometime the flood prevails, and then the wind;  
Now one the better, then another best; 10  
Both tugging to be victors, breast to breast,  
Yet neither conqueror nor conquered:  
So is the equal poise of this fell war.  
Here on this molehill will I sit me down.  
To whom God will, there be the victory!  
For Margaret my queen, and Clifford too,  
Have chid me from the battle; swearing both  
They prosper best of all when I am thence.  
Would I were dead! if God's good will were so;  
For what is in this world but grief and woe? 20

12 *chase*] quarry; often used for the hunted animal.

3 *blowing of his nails*] i. e., in order to warm himself. Cf. *L. L. L.*, V, ii,

900: "And Dick the shepherd *blows his nail*."

O God! methinks it were a happy life,  
To be no better than a homely swain;  
To sit upon a hill, as I do now,  
To carve out dials quaintly, point by point,  
Thereby to see the minutes how they run,  
How many make the hour full complete;  
How many hours bring about the day;  
How many days will finish up the year;  
How many years a mortal man may live.  
When this is known, then to divide the times: 30  
So many hours must I tend my flock;  
So many hours must I take my rest;  
So many hours must I contemplate;  
So many hours must I sport myself;  
So many days my ewes have been with young;  
So many weeks ere the poor fools will ean;  
So many years ere I shall shear the fleece:  
So minutes, hours, days, months, and years,  
Pass'd over to the end they were created,  
Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave. 40  
Ah, what a life were this! how sweet! how lovely!  
Gives not the hawthorn-bush a sweeter shade  
To shepherds looking on their silly sheep,  
Than doth a rich embroider'd canopy  
To kings that fear their subjects' treachery?  
O, yes, it doth; a thousand-fold it doth.  
And to conclude, the shepherd's homely curds,  
His cold thin drink out of his leather bottle,

---

24 *quaintly*] cleverly, ingeniously.

36 *the poor fools will ean*] the poor creatures will bring forth young.

THE THIRD PART OF ACT II

His wonted sleep under a fresh tree's shade,  
 All which secure and sweetly he enjoys, 50  
 Is far beyond a prince's delicates,  
 His viands sparkling in a golden cup,  
 His body couched in a curious bed,  
 When care, mistrust, and treason waits on him.

*Alarum. Enter a Son that has killed his father, dragging  
 in the body*

SON. Ill blows the wind that profits nobody.  
 This man, whom hand to hand I slew in fight,  
 May be possessed with some store of crowns;  
 And I, that haply take them from him now,  
 May yet ere night yield both my life and them 60  
 To some man else, as this dead man doth me.  
 Who's this? O God! it is my father's face,  
 Whom in this conflict I unwares have kill'd.  
 O heavy times, begetting such events!  
 From London by the king was I press'd forth;  
 My father, being the Earl of Warwick's man,  
 Came on the part of York, press'd by his master;  
 And I, who at his hands received my life,  
 Have by my hands of life bereaved him.  
 Pardon me, God, I knew not what I did!  
 And pardon, father, for I knew not thee! 70  
 My tears shall wipe away these bloody marks;  
 And no more words till they have flow'd their fill.

51 *delicates*] delicacies, luxuries.

53 *curious*] elaborate.

64 *press'd forth*] impressed, enlisted on compulsion.

K. HEN. O piteous spectacle! O bloody times!  
 Whiles lions war and battle for their dens,  
 Poor harmless lambs abide their enmity.  
 Weep, wretched man, I'll aid thee tear for tear;  
 And let our hearts and eyes, like civil war,  
 Be blind with tears, and break o'ercharged with grief.

*Enter a Father that has killed his son, bringing in the body*

FATH. Thou that so stoutly hast resisted me,  
 Give me thy gold, if thou hast any gold; 80  
 For I have bought it with an hundred blows.  
 But let me see: is this our foeman's face?  
 Ah, no, no, no, it is mine only son!  
 Ah, boy, if any life be left in thee,  
 Throw up thine eye! see, see what showers arise,  
 Blown with the windy tempest of my heart,  
 Upon thy wounds, that kill mine eye and heart!  
 O, pity, God, this miserable age!  
 What statagems, how fell, how butcherly,  
 Erroneous, mutinous and unnatural, 90  
 This deadly quarrel daily doth beget!  
 O boy, thy father gave thee life too soon,  
 And hath bereft thee of thy life too late!

75 *abide their enmity*] are punished for, pay for the lions' hostilities.

77-78 *let . . . grief*] the general meaning is: let our hearts and eyes suffer, like the two opposing forces in a civil war; the eyes be blinded by tears, and the hearts break from grief.

85-86 *what showers . . . heart*] Cf. I, iv, 145-146, *supra*, note.

92-93 *O boy . . . too late*] The meaning of the first line seems to be that the father begot the son too early; had he been born later, he

# THE THIRD PART OF

ACT II

K. HEN. Woe above woe! grief more than common  
grief!

O that my death would stay these ruthful deeds!

O, pity, pity, gentle heaven, pity!

The red rose and the white are on his face,

The fatal colours of our striving houses:

The one his purple blood right well resembles;

The other his pale cheeks, methinks, presenteth: 100

Wither one rose, and let the other flourish;

If you contend, a thousand lives must wither.

SON. How will my mother for a father's death

Take on with me and ne'er be satisfied!

FATH. How will my wife for slaughter of my son

Shed seas of tears and ne'er be satisfied!

K. HEN. How will the country for these woful  
chances

Misthink the king and not be satisfied!

SON. Was ever son so rued a father's death?

FATH. Was ever father so bemoan'd his son? 110

K. HEN. Was ever king so grieved for subjects' woe?

Much is your sorrow; mine ten times so much.

SON. I'll bear thee hence, where I may weep my fill.

[Exit with the body.]

would have been too young to face death in fight. *Too late* in the second line is used in the sense of too lately, too recently, as in *Lucrece*, 1800-1801: "'O,'" quoth Lucretius, 'I did give that life Which she too early and *too late* hath spilt.'" The general intention of the two lines is the same as in the quotation from *Lucrece*, viz.: that the boy not only was born but also died prematurely.

104 *Take on*] be enraged, be angry.

108 *Misthink*] Think ill of. The Quartos read *Misdeem*.

FATH. These arms of mine shall be thy winding-sheet;  
My heart, sweet boy, shall be thy sepulchre,  
For from my heart thine image ne'er shall go;  
My sighing breast shall be thy funeral bell;  
And so obsequious will thy father be,  
Even for the loss of thee, having no more,  
As Priam was for all his valiant sons. 120  
I'll bear thee hence; and let them fight that will,  
For I have murdered where I should not kill.

*[Exit with the body.]*

K. HEN. Sad-hearted men, much overgone with care,  
Here sits a king more woful than you are.

*Alarums. Excursions. Enter QUEEN MARGARET, the PRINCE, and EXETER*

PRINCE. Fly, father, fly! for all your friends are fled,  
And Warwick rages like a chafed bull:  
Away! for death doth hold us in pursuit.

Q. MAR. Mount you, my lord; towards Berwick  
post amain:  
Edward and Richard, like a brace of greyhounds  
Having the fearful flying hare in sight, 130  
With fiery eyes sparkling for very wrath,  
And bloody steel grasp'd in their ireful hands,  
Are at our backs; and therefore hence amain.

EXE. Away! for vengeance comes along with them:

118 *obsequious*] attentive to funeral rites.

119 *Even*] Capell's emendation of the Folio misreading *Men*.



THE THIRD PART OF ACT II

Nay, stay not to expostulate, make speed;  
Or else come after: I'll away before.

K. HEN. Nay, take me with thee, good sweet  
Exeter:

Not that I fear to stay, but love to go  
Whither the queen intends. Forward; away! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI—ANOTHER PART OF THE FIELD

*A loud alarm. Enter CLIFFORD, wounded*

CLIF. Here burns my candle out; ay, here it dies,  
Which, whiles it lasted, gave King Henry light.  
O Lancaster, I fear thy overthrow  
More than my body's parting with my soul!  
My love and fear glued many friends to thee;  
And, now I fall, thy tough commixture melts.  
Impairing Henry, strengthening misproud York,  
The common people swarm like summer flies;  
And whither fly the gnats but to the sun?  
And who shines now but Henry's enemies?  
O Phœbus, hadst thou never given consent

10

6 *thy tough commixture*] the stubborn glue compounded of love and fear  
(see line 5) which bound Clifford's friends to the king. For the Folio  
reading *thy*, the Quartos read more satisfactorily *that*.

8 *The . . . flies*] This line, which is omitted in the Folios, was restored  
by Theobald from the Quartos.

11 *hadst . . . consent*] Henry VI, who is likened to Phœbus, had intrusted  
the Duke of York, who is likened to Phaëthon, with supreme duties  
of government both in Ireland and France.

# KING HENRY VI

That Phaëthon should check thy fiery steeds,  
Thy burning car never had scorched the earth !  
And, Henry, hadst thou sway'd as kings should do,  
Or as thy father and his father did,  
Giving no ground unto the house of York,  
They never then had sprung like summer flies ;  
I and ten thousand in this luckless realm  
Had left no mourning widows for our death ;  
And thou this day hadst kept thy chair in peace. 20  
For what doth cherish weeds but gentle air ?  
And what makes robbers bold but too much lenity ?  
Bootless are complaints, and cureless are my wounds ;  
No way to fly, nor strength to hold out flight :  
The foe is merciless, and will not pity ;  
For at their hands I have deserved no pity.  
The air hath got into my deadly wounds,  
And much effuse of blood doth make me faint.  
Come, York and Richard, Warwick and the rest ;  
I stabb'd your fathers' bosoms, split my breast. 30

[*He faints.*

*Alarm and retreat. Enter EDWARD, GEORGE, RICHARD, MONTAGUE, WARWICK, and Soldiers*

Edw. Now breathe we, lords: good fortune bids us  
 pause,  
 And smooth the frowns of war with peaceful looks.  
 Some troops pursue the bloody-minded queen,  
 That led calm Henry, though he were a king,  
 As doth a sail, fill'd with a fretting gust,

**12 check] control, rein in.**

Command an argosy to stem the waves.  
But think you, lords, that Clifford fled with them?

WAR. No, 't is impossible he should escape;  
For, though before his face I speak the words,  
Your brother Richard mark'd him for the grave: 40  
And wheresoe'er he is, he's surely dead.

[*Clifford groans, and dies.*]

EDW. Whose soul is that which takes her heavy  
leave?

RICH. A deadly groan, like life and death's departing.

EDW. See who it is: and, now the battle's ended,  
If friend or foe, let him be gently used.

RICH. Revoke that doom of mercy, for 't is Clifford;  
Who not contented that he lopp'd the branch  
In hewing Rutland when his leaves put forth,  
But set his murdering knife unto the root  
From whence that tender spray did sweetly spring, 50  
I mean our princely father, Duke of York.

WAR. From off the gates of York fetch down the head,  
Your father's head, which Clifford placed there;  
Instead whereof let this supply the room:  
Measure for measure must be answered.

EDW. Bring forth that fatal screech-owl to our house,

43 *death's departing*] parting. Cf. II, i, 110, *supra*: "your loss and his depart."

47 *contented*] here used as the preterite of an intransitive verb, "to content" *i. e.*, "to feel content."

55 *Measure for measure*] Tit for tat; a proverbial expression. Cf. *Meas. for Meas.*, V, i, 409.

56 *screech-owl*] a common barn owl, whose cry, resembling a shriek, was supposed to forebode disaster. Cf. *Mids. N. Dr.*, V, i, 365-367:

That nothing sung but death to us and ours:  
Now death shall stop his dismal threatening sound,  
And his ill-boding tongue no more shall speak.

WAR. I think his understanding is bereft. 60  
Speak, Clifford, dost thou know who speaks to thee?  
Dark cloudy death o'ershades his beams of life,  
And he nor sees, nor hears us what we say.

RICH. O, would he did! and so perhaps he doth:  
'T is but his policy to counterfeit,  
Because he would avoid such bitter taunts  
Which in the time of death he gave our father.

GEO. If so thou think'st, vex him with eager words.

RICH. Clifford, ask mercy and obtain no grace.

EDW. Clifford, repent in bootless penitence. 70

WAR. Clifford, devise excuses for thy faults.

GEO. While we devise fell tortures for thy faults.

RICH. Thou didst love York, and I am son to  
York.

EDW. Thou pitied'st Rutland; I will pity thee.

GEO. Where's Captain Margaret, to fence you now?

WAR. They mock thee, Clifford: swear as thou wast  
wont.

RICH. What, not an oath? nay, then the world goes  
hard,

When Clifford cannot spare his friends an oath.

I know by that he's dead; and, by my soul,  
If this right hand would buy two hours' life, 80

---

"Whilst the *screech-owl* screeching loud, Puts the wretch that lies in  
woe *In remembrance of a shroud.*"

68 *eager*] sharp, biting.

THE THIRD PART OF ACT II

---

That I in all despite might rail at him,  
This hand should chop it off, and with the issuing  
blood

Stifle the villain, whose unstanched thirst  
York and young Rutland could not satisfy.

WAR. Ay, but he's dead: off with the traitor's head,  
And rear it in the place your father's stands.  
And now to London with triumphant march,  
There to be crowned England's royal king:  
From whence shall Warwick cut the sea to France,  
And ask the Lady Bona for thy queen: 90  
So shalt thou sinew both these lands together;  
And, having France thy friend, thou shalt not dread  
The scatter'd foe that hopes to rise again;  
For though they cannot greatly sting to hurt,  
Yet look to have them buzz to offend thine ears.

First will I see the coronation;  
And then to Brittany I'll cross the sea,  
To effect this marriage, so it please my lord.

EDW. Even as thou wilt, sweet Warwick, let it be;  
For in thy shoulder do I build my seat, 100  
And never will I undertake the thing  
Wherein thy counsel and consent is wanting.  
Richard, I will create thee Duke of Gloucester,  
And George, of Clarence: Warwick, as ourself,  
Shall do and undo as him pleaseth best.

---

81 *in all despite*] in all spite or malignity. Cf. II, i, 59, *supra*.

89 *cut*] cut through, sail.

91 *sinew*] bind as with sinews.

100 *in thy shoulder*] relying on thy support.

SCENE VI

KING HENRY VI

---

RICH. Let me be Duke of Clarence, George of Gloucester;

For Gloucester's dukedom is too ominous.

WAR. Tut, that's a foolish observation:  
Richard, be Duke of Gloucester. Now to London,  
To see these honours in possession. [Exeunt. 110

---

107 *Gloucester's dukedom . . . ominous*] Hall and Holinshed both point out that the three most recent Dukes of Gloucester had all met violent ends.



ACT THIRD — SCENE I  
A FOREST IN THE NORTH OF ENGLAND

*Enter two Keepers, with cross-bows in their hands*

FIRST KEEPER



UNDER THIS THICK-  
grown brake we'll shroud our-  
selves;  
For through this laund anon the  
deer will come;  
And in this covert will we make  
our stand,  
Culling the principal of all the  
deer.

SEC. KEEPER. I'll stay above  
the hill, so both may shoot.

FIRST KEEPER. That cannot be;  
the noise of thy cross-bow  
Will scare the herd, and so my shoot is lost.  
Here stand we both, and aim we at the best:  
And, for the time shall not seem tedious,

ACT III, SCENE I. (stage direction). *Enter two keepers*] Thus the  
Quartos. The Folios read *Enter Sinklo, and Humfrey*, — clearly

SCENE I THIRD PART OF KING HENRY VI

I'll tell thee what befel me on a day 10  
In this self-place where now we mean to stand.

SEC. KEEP. Here comes a man; let's stay till he  
be past.

*Enter KING HENRY, disguised, with a prayer-book*

K. HEN. From Scotland am I stol'n, even of pure love,  
To greet mine own land with my wishful sight.  
No, Harry, Harry, 't is no land of thine;  
Thy place is fill'd, thy sceptre wrung from thee,  
Thy balm wash'd off wherewith thou wast anointed:  
No bending knee will call thee Cæsar now,  
No humble suitors press to speak for right,  
No, not a man comes for redress of thee; 20  
For how can I help them, and not myself?

FIRST KEEP. Ay, here's a deer whose skin's a  
keeper's fee:

This is the quondam king; let's seize upon him.

K. HEN. Let me embrace thee, sour adversity,  
For wise men say it is the wisest course.

SEC. KEEP. Why linger we? let us lay hands upon him.

---

the names of the actors who filled these parts. Cf. I, ii, 48, *supra*. Sinklo is similarly introduced into the Folio version of *T. of Shrew*, Induction, 189, and into the Quarto version of *2 Hen. IV*, V, iv, 1. Sinclo or Sinkler is mentioned as the name of an actor of Shakespeare's company in the Induction to Marston's *Malcontent*, 1604. Malone identified Humfrey with Humphrey Jeaffes or Jeffes, an actor of the day who is noticed in Henslowe's *Diary*.

1 *brake*] thicket.

2 *laund*] lawn, glade.

24 *thee, sour adversity*] Dyce's correction of the Folio reading *the sower Adversaries*.



THE THIRD PART OF ACT III

FIRST KEEP. Forbear awhile; we'll hear a little more.

K. HEN. My queen and son are gone to France for aid;  
 And, as I hear, the great commanding Warwick  
 Is thither gone, to crave the French king's sister 30  
 To wife for Edward: if this news be true,  
 Poor queen and son, your labour is but lost;  
 For Warwick is a subtle orator,  
 And Lewis a prince soon won with moving words.  
 By this account then Margaret may win him;  
 For she's a woman to be pitied much:  
 Her sighs will make a battery in his breast;  
 Her tears will pierce into a marble heart;  
 The tiger will be mild whiles she doth mourn;  
 And Nero will be tainted with remorse, 40  
 To hear and see her complaints, her brinish tears.  
 Ay, but she's come to beg, Warwick, to give;  
 She, on his left side, craving aid for Henry,  
 He, on his right, asking a wife for Edward.  
 She weeps, and says her Henry is deposed;  
 He smiles, and says his Edward is install'd;  
 That she, poor wretch, for grief can speak no more;  
 Whiles Warwick tells his title, smooths the wrong,  
 Inferreth arguments of mighty strength,  
 And in conclusion wins the king from her, 50  
 With promise of his sister, and what else,  
 To strengthen and support King Edward's place.  
 O Margaret, thus 't will be; and thou, poor soul,  
 Art then forsaken, as thou went'st forlorn!

---

40 *tainted with remorse*] touched with pity.

49 *Inferreth . . . strength*] Cf. I, ii, 44, *supra*, and note.

SEC. KEEP. Say, what art thou that talk'st of kings  
and queens?

K. HEN. More than I seem, and less than I was  
born to:

A man at least, for less I should not be;  
And men may talk of kings, and why not I?

SEC. KEEP. Ay, but thou talk'st as if thou wert a  
king.

K. HEN. Why, so I am, in mind; and that's enough. 60

SEC. KEEP. But, if thou be a king, where is thy  
crown?

K. HEN. My crown is in my heart, not on my head;  
Not deck'd with diamonds and Indian stones,  
Nor to be seen: my crown is call'd content:  
A crown it is that seldom kings enjoy.

SEC. KEEP. Well, if you be a king crown'd with  
content,

Your crown content and you must be contented  
To go along with us; for, as we think,  
You are the king King Edward hath deposed;  
And we his subjects sworn in all allegiance 70  
Will apprehend you as his enemy.

K. HEN. But did you never swear, and break an  
oath?

SEC. KEEP. No, never such an oath; nor will not now.

K. HEN. Where did you dwell when I was King of  
England?

SEC. KEEP. Here in this country, where we now  
remain.

---

63 *Indian stones*] precious stones from India.

THE THIRD PART OF ACT III

K. HEN. I was anointed king at nine months old;  
My father and my grandfather were kings,  
And you were sworn true subjects unto me:  
And tell me, then, have you not broke your oaths?

FIRST KEEP. No; 80  
For we were subjects but while you were king.

K. HEN. Why, am I dead? do I not breathe a man?  
Ah, simple men, you know not what you swear!  
Look, as I blow this feather from my face,  
And as the air blows it to me again,  
Obeying with my wind when I do blow,  
And yielding to another when it blows,  
Commanded always by the greater gust;  
Such is the lightness of you common men.  
But do not break your oaths; for of that sin 90  
My mild entreaty shall not make you guilty.  
Go where you will, the king shall be commanded;  
And be you kings, command, and I'll obey.

FIRST KEEP. We are true subjects to the king,  
King Edward.

K. HEN. So would you be again to Henry,  
If he were seated as King Edward is.

FIRST KEEP. We charge you, in God's name, and  
the king's,  
To go with us unto the officers.

K. HEN. In God's name, lead; your king's name  
be obey'd:  
And what God will, that let your king perform; 100  
And what he will, I humbly yield unto. [Exeunt.]

## SCENE II — LONDON

## THE PALACE

*Enter* KING EDWARD, GLOUCESTER, CLARENCE, and LADY GREY

K. EDW. Brother of Gloucester, at Saint Alban's field  
This lady's husband, Sir Richard Grey, was slain,  
His lands then seized on by the conqueror:  
Her suit is now to repossess those lands;  
Which we in justice cannot well deny,  
Because in quarrel of the house of York  
The worthy gentleman did lose his life.

GLOU. Your highness shall do well to grant her suit;  
It were dishonour to deny it her.

K. EDW. It were no less; but yet I'll make a pause. 10

GLOU. [*Aside to Clar.*] Yea, is it so?  
I see the lady hath a thing to grant,  
Before the king will grant her humble suit.

---

2 *Sir Richard Grey*] Thus all the early editions. There is much confusion here. The first husband of Lady Grey (afterwards Edward IV's queen) was Sir *John* Grey, who had a brother Richard, but the latter had small connection with his fortunes. Lady Grey's first husband was not a supporter of King Edward, as the text states. He was killed fighting for Henry VI, at the second battle of St. Albans, February 2, 1461, when Queen Margaret was "the conqueror" (line 3), and his lands were untouched. Sir John's lands were seized by King Edward after the later battle of Towton. These circumstances are correctly stated in *Rich. III*, I, iii, 127-128. The account given by the chroniclers Hall and Holinshed of the interview of Edward IV with Sir John's widow, who begs of him her husband's lands, is very literally followed here by the dramatist.

THE THIRD PART OF ACT III

CLAR. [*Aside to Glou.*] He knows the game: how true  
he keeps the wind!

GLOU. [*Aside to Clar.*] Silence!

K. EDW. Widow, we will consider of your suit;  
And come some other time to know our mind.

L. GREY. Right gracious lord, I cannot brook delay:  
May it please your highness to resolve me now;  
And what your pleasure is, shall satisfy me. 20

GLOU. [*Aside to Clar.*] Ay, widow? then I'll warrant  
you all your lands,  
An if what pleases him shall pleasure you.  
Fight closer, or, good faith, you'll catch a blow.

CLAR. [*Aside to Glou.*] I fear her not, unless she chance  
to fall.

GLOU. [*Aside to Clar.*] God forbid that! for he'll take  
vantages.

K. EDW. How many children hast thou, widow?  
tell me.

CLAR. [*Aside to Glou.*] I think he means to beg a child  
of her.

GLOU. [*Aside to Clar.*] Nay, whip me then: he'll  
rather give her two.

L. GREY. Three, my most gracious lord.

GLOU. [*Aside to Clar.*] You shall have four, if you'll  
be ruled by him. 30

K. EDW. 'T were pity they should lose their father's  
lands.

---

14 *keeps the wind*] directs his aim; a phrase from hunting. The hunts-  
man could only take sure aim at the deer by keeping to windward of it.  
19 *resolve*] certify, assure, make definite answer.

L. GREY. Be pitiful, dread lord, and grant it then.

K. EDW. Lords, give us leave: I'll try this widow's wit.

GLOU. [*Aside to Clar.*] Ay, good leave have you; for you will have leave,

Till youth take leave and leave you to the crutch.

[*Glou. and Clar. retire.*]

K. EDW. Now tell me, madam, do you love your children?

L. GREY. Ay, full as dearly as I love myself.

K. EDW. And would you not do much to do them good?

L. GREY. To do them good, I would sustain some harm.

K. EDW. Then get your husband's lands, to do them good.

40

L. GREY. Therefore I came unto your majesty.

K. EDW. I'll tell you how these lands are to be got.

L. GREY. So shall you bind me to your highness' service.

K. EDW. What service wilt thou do me, if I give them?

L. GREY. What you command, that rests in me to do.

K. EDW. But you will take exceptions to my boon.

L. GREY. No, gracious lord, except I cannot do it.

K. EDW. Ay, but thou canst do what I mean to ask.

L. GREY. Why, then I will do what your grace commands.

THE THIRD PART OF      ACT III

---

GLOU. [*Aside to Clar.*] He plies her hard; and much  
rain wears the marble. 50

CLAR. [*Aside to Glou.*] As red as fire! nay, then her  
wax must melt.

L. GREY. Why stops my lord? shall I not hear my  
task?

K. EDW. An easy task; 't is but to love a king.

L. GREY. That's soon perform'd, because I am a  
subject.

K. EDW. Why, then, thy husband's lands I freely  
give thee.

L. GREY. I take my leave with many thousand  
thanks.

GLOU. [*Aside to Clar.*] The match is made; she seals  
it with a curt'sy.

K. EDW. But stay thee, 't is the fruits of love I mean.

L. GREY. The fruits of love I mean, my loving liege.

K. EDW. Ay, but, I fear me, in another sense. 60

What love, think'st thou, I sue so much to get?

L. GREY. My love till death, my humble thanks,  
my prayers;

That love which virtue begs and virtue grants.

K. EDW. No, by my troth, I did not mean such  
love.

L. GREY. Why, then you mean not as I thought you  
did.

K. EDW. But now you partly may perceive my mind.

L. GREY. My mind will never grant what I perceive  
Your highness aims at, if I aim aright.

K. EDW. To tell thee plain, I aim to lie with thee.

[ 72 ]

L. GREY. To tell you plain, I had rather lie in prison. 70

K. EDW. Why, then thou shalt not have thy husband's lands.

L. GREY. Why, then mine honesty shall be my dower;

For by that loss I will not purchase them.

K. EDW. Therein thou wrong'st thy children mightily.

L. GREY. Herein your highness wrongs both them and me.

But, mighty lord, this merry inclination

Accords not with the sadness of my suit:

Please you dismiss me, either with "ay" or "no."

K. EDW. Ay, if thou wilt say "ay" to my request;  
No, if thou dost say "no" to my demand. 80

L. GREY. Then, no, my lord. My suit is at an end.

GLOU. [*Aside to Clar.*] The widow likes him not, she knits her brows.

CLAR. [*Aside to Glou.*] He is the bluntest wooer in Christendom.

K. EDW. [*Aside*] Her looks do argue her replete with modesty;

Her words do show her wit incomparable;

All her perfections challenge sovereignty:

One way or other, she is for a king;

And she shall be my love, or else my queen. —

Say that King Edward take thee for his queen?

L. GREY. 'T is better said than done, my gracious lord: 90

---

77 *sadness*] seriousness, gravity.



### ACT III

**I am a subject fit to jest withal,  
But far unfit to be a sovereign.**

K. EDW. Sweet widow, by my state I swear to thee,  
I speak no more than what my soul intends;  
And that is, to enjoy thee for my love.

L. GREY. And that is more than I will yield unto:  
I know I am too mean to be your queen,  
And yet too good to be your concubine.

K. EDW. You cavil, widow: I did mean, my queen.

L. GREY. 'T will grieve your grace my sons should  
call you father. 100

**K. EDW.** No more than when my daughters call thee  
mother.

Thou art a widow, and thou hast some children;  
And, by God's mother, I, being but a bachelor,  
Have other some: why, 't is a happy thing  
To be the father unto many sons.

**Answer no more, for thou shalt be my queen.**

GLOU. [*Aside to Clar.*] The ghostly father now hath  
done his shrift.

CLAR. [*Aside to Glou.*] When he was made a shriver,  
't was for shift.

K. Edw. Brothers, you muse what chat we two  
have had.

**GLOU.** The widow likes it not, for she looks very sad.

K. EDW. You'd think it strange if I should marry her. 111

CLAR. To whom, my lord?

**K. EDW.**                      Why, Clarence, to myself.

GLOU. That would be ten days' wonder at the least.

CLAR. That's a day longer than a wonder lasts.

GLOU. By so much is the wonder in extremes.

K. EDW. Well, jest on, brothers: I can tell you  
both,

Her suit is granted for her husband's lands.

*Enter a Nobleman*

NOB. My gracious lord, Henry your foe is taken,  
And brought your prisoner to your palace gate.

K. EDW. See that he be convey'd unto the Tower: 120  
And go we, brothers, to the man that took him,  
To question of his apprehension.

Widow, go you along. Lords, use her honourably.

*[Exeunt all but Gloucester.]*

GLOU. Ay, Edward will use women honourably.

Would he were wasted, marrow, bones and all,  
That from his loins no hopeful branch may spring,  
To cross me from the golden time I look for!

And yet, between my soul's desire and me —

The lustful Edward's title buried —

Is Clarence, Henry, and his son young Edward, 130

And all the unlook'd for issue of their bodies,

To take their rooms, ere I can place myself:

A cold premeditation for my purpose!

Why, then, I do but dream on sovereignty;

Like one that stands upon a promontory,

And spies a far-off shore where he would tread,

Wishing his foot were equal with his eye,

---

114 *That's a day longer*] A nine days' wonder was proverbial.

And chides the sea that sunders him from thence,  
Saying, he'll lade it dry to have his way:  
So do I wish the crown, being so far off; 140  
And so I chide the means that keeps me from it;  
And so I say, I'll cut the causes off,  
Flattering me with impossibilities.  
My eye's too quick, my heart o'erweens too much,  
Unless my hand and strength could equal them.  
Well, say there is no kingdom then for Richard;  
What other pleasure can the world afford?  
I'll make my heaven in a lady's lap,  
And deck my body in gay ornaments,  
And witch sweet ladies with my words and looks. 150  
O miserable thought! and more unlikely  
Than to accomplish twenty golden crowns!  
Why, love forswore me in my mother's womb:  
And, for I should not deal in her soft laws,  
She did corrupt frail nature with some bribe,  
To shrink mine arm up like a wither'd shrub;  
To make an envious mountain on my back,  
Where sits deformity to mock my body;  
To shape my legs of an unequal size;  
To disproportion me in every part, 160  
Like to a chaos, or an unlick'd bear-whelp  
That carries no impression like the dam.  
And am I then a man to be beloved?  
O monstrous fault, to harbour such a thought!  
Then, since this earth affords no joy to me,  
But to command, to check, to o'erbear such  
As are of better person than myself,

I'll make my heaven to dream upon the crown,  
And, whiles I live, to account this world but hell,  
Until my mis-shaped trunk that bears this head 170  
Be round impaled with a glorious crown.  
And yet I know not how to get the crown,  
For many lives stand between me and home:  
And I, — like one lost in a thorny wood,  
That rends the thorns and is rent with the thorns,  
Seeking a way and straying from the way;  
Not knowing how to find the open air,  
But toiling desperately to find it out, —  
Torment myself to catch the English crown:  
And from that torment I will free myself, 180  
Or hew my way out with a bloody axe.  
Why, I can smile, and murder whiles I smile,  
And cry "Content" to that which grieves my heart,  
And wet my cheeks with artificial tears,  
And frame my face to all occasions.  
I'll drown more sailors than the mermaid shall;  
I'll slay more gazers than the basilisk;  
I'll play the orator as well as Nestor,  
Deceive more slyly than Ulysses could,  
And, like a Sinon, take another Troy. 190  
I can add colours to the chameleon,

170 *Until my . . . head*] Thus the First Folio. Steevens proposes, not very felicitously, to make the words *mis-shaped trunk* and *head* change places. The confused inversion of the original text is not un-Shakespearean.

171 *impaled*] encircled. Cf. III, iii, 189, *infra*.

187 *basilisk*] the fabulous serpent who was credited with killing those who looked upon it.

THE THIRD PART OF ACT III

Change shapes with Proteus for advantages,  
And set the murderous Machiavel to school.  
Can I do this, and cannot get a crown?  
Tut, were it farther off, I'll pluck it down. [Exit.]

SCENE III — FRANCE

THE KING'S PALACE

*Flourish. Enter LEWIS the French King, his sister BONA, his Admiral, called BOURBON: PRINCE EDWARD, QUEEN MARGARET, and the EARL OF OXFORD. LEWIS sits, and riseth up again*

K. LEW. Fair Queen of England, worthy Margaret,  
Sit down with us: it ill befits thy state  
And birth, that thou shouldst stand while Lewis doth sit.

Q. MAR. No, mighty King of France: now Margaret  
Must strike her sail and learn a while to serve  
Where kings command. I was, I must confess,  
Great Albion's queen in former golden days:  
But now mischance hath trod my title down,  
And with dishonour laid me on the ground;  
Where I must take like seat unto my fortune, 10  
And to my humble seat conform myself.

K. LEW. Why, say, fair queen, whence springs this  
deep despair?

---

193 *the murderous Machiavel*] The Quartos read *th' aspiring Catiline*.  
"Machiavel" was the name commonly bestowed on any crafty  
politician. Cf. *1 Hen. VI*, V, iv, 74: "Alençon! that notorious  
*Machiavel!*" Such references are anachronistic, Machiavelli having  
been born in 1469 and dying in 1527.

Q. MAR. From such a cause as fills mine eyes with  
tears,  
And stops my tongue, while heart is drown'd in  
cares.

K. LEW. Whate'er it be, be thou still like thyself,  
And sit thee by our side: [*Seats her by him*] yield not thy  
neck

To fortune's yoke, but let thy dauntless mind  
Still ride in triumph over all mischance.  
Be plain, Queen Margaret, and tell thy grief;  
It shall be eased, if France can yield relief. 20

Q. MAR. Those gracious words revive my drooping  
thoughts,  
And give my tongue-tied sorrows leave to speak.  
Now, therefore, be it known to noble Lewis,  
That Henry, sole possessor of my love,  
Is of a king become a banish'd man,  
And forced to live in Scotland a forlorn;  
While proud ambitious Edward Duke of York  
Usurps the regal title, and the seat  
Of England's true-anointed lawful king.  
This is the cause that I, poor Margaret, 30  
With this my son, Prince Edward, Henry's heir,  
Am come to crave thy just and lawful aid;  
And if thou fail us, all our hope is done:  
Scotland hath will to help, but cannot help;  
Our people and our peers are both misled,  
Our treasure seized, our soldiers put to flight,  
And, as thou seest, ourselves in heavy plight.

---

26 a *forlorn*] an outcast. The word is rarely used as a substantive.

THE THIRD PART OF ACT III

K. LEW. Renowned queen, with patience calm the storm,

While we bethink a means to break it off.

Q. MAR. The more we stay, the stronger grows our foe. 40

K. LEW. The more I stay, the more I'll succour thee.

Q. MAR. O, but impatience waiteth on true sorrow.  
And see where comes the breeder of my sorrow!

*Enter WARWICK*

K. LEW. What's he approacheth boldly to our presence?

Q. MAR. Our Earl of Warwick, Edward's greatest friend.

K. LEW. Welcome, brave Warwick! What brings thee to France? [*He descends. She ariseth.*]

Q. MAR. Ay, now begins a second storm to rise;  
For this is he that moves both wind and tide.

WAR. From worthy Edward, king of Albion,  
My lord and sovereign, and thy vowed friend, 50  
I come, in kindness and unfeigned love,  
First, to do greetings to thy royal person;  
And then to crave a league of amity;  
And lastly, to confirm that amity  
With nuptial knot, if thou vouchsafe to grant  
That virtuous Lady Bona, thy fair sister,  
To England's king in lawful marriage.

Q. MAR. [*Aside*] If that go forward, Henry's hope is done.

WAR. [*To Bona*] And, gracious madam, in our king's behalf,  
I am commanded, with your leave and favour, 60  
[ 80 ]

Humbly to kiss your hand, and with my tongue  
To tell the passion of my sovereign's heart;  
Where fame, late entering at his heedful ears,  
Hath placed thy beauty's image and thy virtue.

Q. MAR. King Lewis and Lady Bona, hear me speak,  
Before you answer Warwick. His demand  
Springs not from Edward's well-meant honest love,  
But from deceit bred by necessity;  
For how can tyrants safely govern home,  
Unless abroad they purchase great alliance? 70  
To prove him tyrant this reason may suffice,  
That Henry liveth still; but were he dead,  
Yet here Prince Edward stands, King Henry's son.  
Look, therefore, Lewis, that by this league and marriage  
Thou draw not on thy danger and dishonour;  
For though usurpers sway the rule a while,  
Yet heavens are just, and time suppresseth wrongs.

WAR. Injurious Margaret!

PRINCE. And why not queen?

WAR. Because thy father Henry did usurp;  
And thou no more art prince than she is queen. 80

OXF. Then Warwick disannuls great John of Gaunt,  
Which did subdue the greatest part of Spain;  
And, after John of Gaunt, Henry the Fourth,  
Whose wisdom was a mirror to the wisest;  
And, after that wise prince, Henry the Fifth,  
Who by his prowess conquered all France:  
From these our Henry lineally descends.

WAR. Oxford, how haps it, in this smooth discourse,  
You told not how Henry the Sixth hath lost



THE THIRD PART OF ACT III

All that which Henry the Fifth had gotten? 90  
Methinks these peers of France should smile at that.  
But for the rest, you tell a pedigree  
Of threescore and two years; a silly time  
To make prescription for a kingdom's worth.

OXF. Why, Warwick, canst thou speak against thy  
liege,  
Whom thou obeyed'st thirty and six years,  
And not bewray thy treason with a blush?

WAR. Can Oxford, that did ever fence the right,  
Now buckler falsehood with a pedigree?  
For shame! leave Henry, and call Edward king. 100

OXF. Call him my king by whose injurious doom  
My elder brother, the Lord Aubrey Vere,  
Was done to death? and more than so, my father,  
Even in the downfall of his mellow'd years,  
When nature brought him to the door of death?  
No, Warwick, no; while life upholds this arm,  
This arm upholds the house of Lancaster.

WAR. And I the house of York.

K. LEW. Queen Margaret, Prince Edward, and  
Oxford,  
Vouchsafe, at our request, to stand aside, 110  
While I use further conference with Warwick.

[*They stand aloof.*]  
Q. MAR. Heavens grant that Warwick's words be-  
witch him not!

K. LEW. Now, Warwick, tell me, even upon thy  
conscience,

---

99 *buckler*] used as a verb; shield, defend.

Is Edward your true king? for I were loath  
To link with him that were not lawful chosen.

WAR. Thereon I pawn my credit and mine honour.

K. LEW. But is he gracious in the people's eye?

WAR. The more that Henry was unfortunate.

K. LEW. Then further, all dissembling set aside,  
Tell me for truth the measure of his love 120  
Unto our sister Bona.

WAR. Such it seems  
As may beseem a monarch like himself.  
Myself have often heard him say and swear  
That this his love was an eternal plant,  
Whereof the root was fix'd in virtue's ground,  
The leaves and fruit maintain'd with beauty's sun,  
Exempt from envy, but not from disdain,  
Unless the Lady Bona quit his pain.

K. LEW. Now, sister, let us hear your firm re-  
solve.

BONA. Your grant, or your denial, shall be mine: 130  
[To War.] Yet I confess that often ere this day,  
When I have heard your king's desert recounted,  
Mine ear hath tempted judgement to desire.

K. LEW. Then, Warwick, thus: our sister shall be  
Edward's;  
And now forthwith shall articles be drawn  
Touching the jointure that your king must make,  
Which with her dowry shall be counterpoised.  
Draw near, Queen Margaret, and be a witness  
That Bona shall be wife to the English king.

---

128 *quit his pain*] requite, cure, his suffering.

### ACT III

140

**By this alliance to make void my suit:**

150

**Where having nothing, nothing can be lost.**

160

*[Post blows a horn within.]*

**thee.**

**father.**

**37, *supra*.**

**160** *sly conveyance*] sly trickery, juggling.

*Enter a Post*

POST. [*To War.*] My lord ambassador, these letters  
are for you,

Sent from your brother, Marquess Montague:

[*To Lewis*] These from our king unto your majesty:

[*To Margaret*] And, madam, these for you; from whom I  
know not. [*They all read their letters.*]

OXF. I like it well that our fair queen and mistress  
Smiles at her news, while Warwick frowns at his.

PRINCE. Nay, mark how Lewis stamps, as he were  
nettled:

I hope all's for the best.

170

K. LEW. Warwick, what are thy news? and yours,  
fair queen?

Q. MAR. Mine, such as fill my heart with unhop'd  
joys.

WAR. Mine, full of sorrow and heart's discontent.

K. LEW. What! has your king married the Lady  
Grey?

And now, to soothe your forgery and his,  
Sends me a paper to persuade me patience?  
Is this the alliance that he seeks with France?  
Dare he presume to scorn us in this manner?

Q. MAR. I told your majesty as much before:  
This proveth Edward's love and Warwick's honesty. 180

WAR. King Lewis, I here protest, in sight of heaven,  
And by the hope I have of heavenly bliss,  
That I am clear from this misdeed of Edward's,

175 *soothe your forgery*] gloss over your deceit.

No more my king, for he dishonours me,  
 But most himself, if he could see his shame.  
 Did I forget that by the house of York  
 My father came untimely to his death?  
 Did I let pass the abuse done to my niece?  
 Did I impale him with the regal crown?  
 Did I put Henry from his native right? 190  
 And am I guerdon'd at the last with shame?  
 Shame on himself! for my desert is honour:  
 And to repair my honour lost for him,  
 I here renounce him and return to Henry.  
 My noble queen, let former grudges pass,  
 And henceforth I am thy true servitor:  
 I will revenge his wrong to Lady Bona,  
 And replant Henry in his former state.

Q. MAR. Warwick, these words have turn'd my hate  
 to love;

And I forgive and quite forget old faults, 200  
 And joy that thou becomest King Henry's friend.

WAR. So much his friend, ay, his unfeigned friend,  
 That, if King Lewis vouchsafe to furnish us  
 With some few bands of chosen soldiers,  
 I'll undertake to land them on our coast,

186-187 *Did I forget . . . death?*] An historical error. Warwick's father, Richard, Earl of Salisbury, was taken prisoner by the Lancastrians at the battle of Wakefield, and was beheaded by Queen Margaret's order at Pontefract.

188 *Did . . . niece?*] Hall and Holinshed both report the attempt of King Edward to violate a female relative of Warwick ("his daughter or his niece") in the Earl's house.

189 *impale*] encircle. Cf. III, ii, 171, *supra*.

And force the tyrant from his seat by war.  
'Tis not his new-made bride shall succour him:  
And as for Clarence, as my letters tell me,  
He's very likely now to fall from him,  
For matching more for wanton lust than honour, 210  
Or than for strength and safety of our country.

BONA. Dear brother, how shall Bona be revenged  
But by thy help to this distressed queen?

Q. MAR. Renowned prince, how shall poor Henry  
live,  
Unless thou rescue him from foul despair?

BONA. My quarrel and this English queen's are one.

WAR. And mine, fair Lady Bona, joins with yours.

K. LEW. And mine with hers, and thine, and  
Margaret's.

Therefore at last I firmly am resolved  
You shall have aid. 220

Q. MAR. Let me give humble thanks for all at  
once.

K. LEW. Then, England's messenger, return in post,  
And tell false Edward, thy supposed king,  
That Lewis of France is sending over masquers,  
To revel it with him and his new bride:  
Thou seest what's past, go fear thy king withal.

BONA. Tell him, in hope he'll prove a widower  
shortly,  
I'll wear the willow garland for his sake.

---

222 *post*] post-haste. Cf. I, ii, 48, *supra*.

226 *fear*] frighten, terrify, make afraid.

228 *the willow garland*] the badge of jilted lovers.

THE THIRD PART OF ACT III

Q. MAR. Tell him, my mourning weeds are laid aside,  
And I am ready to put armour on. 230

WAR. Tell him from me that he hath done me wrong,  
And therefore I'll uncrown him ere 't be long.  
There's thy reward: be gone. [Exit post.]

K. LEW. But, Warwick,  
Thou and Oxford, with five thousand men,  
Shall cross the seas, and bid false Edward battle;  
And, as occasion serves, this noble queen  
And prince shall follow with a fresh supply.  
Yet, ere thou go, but answer me one doubt,  
What pledge have we of thy firm loyalty?

WAR. This shall assure my constant loyalty, 240  
That if our queen and this young prince agree,  
I'll join mine eldest daughter and my joy  
To him forthwith in holy wedlock bands.

Q. MAR. Yes, I agree, and thank you for your  
motion.

Son Edward, she is fair and virtuous,  
Therefore delay not, give thy hand to Warwick;  
And, with thy hand, thy faith irrevocable,  
That only Warwick's daughter shall be thine.

PRINCE. Yes, I accept her, for she well deserves it;  
And here, to pledge my vow, I give my hand. 250

[He gives his hand to Warwick.]

K. LEW. Why stay we now? These soldiers shall  
be levied,

---

242 *mine eldest*] As a matter of history Warwick's younger daughter,  
Anne, became the wife of Prince Edward. His elder daughter  
married the Duke of Clarence. Cf. IV, i, 118, *infra*.

## SCENE III

## KING HENRY VI

And thou, Lord Bourbon, our high admiral,  
Shalt waft them over with our royal fleet.  
I long till Edward fall by war's mischance,  
For mocking marriage with a dame of France.

*[Exeunt all but Warwick.]*

WAR. I came from Edward as ambassador,  
But I return his sworn and mortal foe:  
Matter of marriage was the charge he gave me,  
But dreadful war shall answer his demand.  
Had he none else to make a stale but me?  
Then none but I shall turn his jest to sorrow.  
I was the chief that raised him to the crown,  
And I'll be chief to bring him down again:  
Not that I pity Henry's misery,  
But seek revenge on Edward's mockery.

260

*[Exit.]*

*260 stale] laughing-stock.*





ACT FOURTH—SCENE I—LONDON

THE PALACE

*Enter GLOUCESTER, CLARENCE, SOMERSET, and MONTAGUE*

GLOUCESTER



OW TELL ME, BROTHER  
Clarence, what think you  
Of this new marriage with the  
Lady Grey?  
Hath not our brother made a  
worthy choice?

CLAR. Alas, you know, 't is far  
from hence to France;  
How could he stay till Warwick  
made return?

SOM. My lords, forbear this  
talk; here comes the king.

GLOU. And his well-chosen  
bride.

CLAR. I mind to tell him plainly what I think.

6 *SOM. My lords*] The Duke of Somerset of this period was a consistent Lancastrian, and was never at King Edward's court. There is some confusion with his brother and predecessor in the title, who transferred his allegiance to King Edward IV for a brief while, although he died

SCENE I    THIRD PART OF KING HENRY VI

---

*Flourish.* Enter KING EDWARD, attended; LADY GREY, as Queen;  
PEMBROKE, STAFFORD, HASTINGS, and others

K. EDW. Now, brother of Clarence, how like you  
our choice,  
That you stand pensive, as half malcontent? 10

CLAR. As well as Lewis of France, or the Earl of  
Warwick,

Which are so weak of courage and in judgement  
That they'll take no offence at our abuse.

K. EDW. Suppose they take offence without a cause,  
They are but Lewis and Warwick: I am Edward,  
Your king and Warwick's, and must have my will.

GLOU. And shall have your will, because our king:  
Yet hasty marriage seldom proveth well.

K. EDW. Yea, brother Richard, are you offended too?

GLOU. Not I: 20

No, God forbid that I should wish them sever'd  
Whom God hath join'd together; ay, and 't were pity  
To sunder them that yoke so well together.

K. EDW. Setting your scorns and your mislike aside,  
Tell me some reason why the Lady Grey  
Should not become my wife and England's queen.  
And you too, Somerset and Montague,  
Speak freely what you think.

CLAR. Then this is mine opinion: that King Lewis  
Becomes your enemy, for mocking him 30  
About the marriage of the Lady Bona.

---

at Hexham fully five years before these events, fighting for Henry VI.  
Cf. IV, ii, 3-7; V, i, 73-75; V, v, 3; V, vii, 5, *infra*.

THE THIRD PART OF      ACT IV

---

GLOU. And Warwick, doing what you gave in charge,  
Is now dishonoured by this new marriage.

K. EDW. What if both Lewis and Warwick be ap-  
peased

By such invention as I can devise?

MONT. Yet, to have join'd with France in such  
alliance

Would more have strengthen'd this our commonwealth  
'Gainst foreign storms than any home-bred marriage.

HAST. Why, knows not Montague that of itself  
England is safe, if true within itself? 40

MONT. But the safer when 't is back'd with France.

HAST. 'T is better using France than trusting France:  
Let us be back'd with God and with the seas,  
Which He hath given for fence impregnable,  
And with their helps only defend ourselves;  
In them and in ourselves our safety lies.

CLAR. For this one speech Lord Hastings well  
deserves

To have the heir of the Lord Hungerford.

K. EDW. Ay, what of that? it was my will and  
grant;

And for this once my will shall stand for law. 50

GLOU. And yet methinks your grace hath not done  
well,

To give the heir and daughter of Lord Scales  
Unto the brother of your loving bride;

---

40 *England . . . itself*] Cf. the last speech of *K. John*, V, vii, 117-118:  
"Nought shall make us rue, If England to itself do rest but  
true."

She better would have fitted me or Clarence:  
But in your bride you bury brotherhood.

CLAR. Or else you would not have bestow'd the heir  
Of the Lord Bonville on your new wife's son,  
And leave your brothers to go speed elsewhere.

K. EDW. Alas, poor Clarence! is it for a wife  
That thou art malcontent? I will provide thee. 60

CLAR. In choosing for yourself, you show'd your  
judgement,  
Which being shallow, you shall give me leave  
To play the broker in mine own behalf;  
And to that end I shortly mind to leave you.

K. EDW. Leave me, or tarry, Edward will be king,  
And not be tied unto his brother's will.

Q. ELIZ. My lords, before it pleased his majesty  
To raise my state to title of a queen,  
Do me but right, and you must all confess  
That I was not ignoble of descent; 70  
And meaner than myself have had like fortune.  
But as this title honours me and mine,  
So your dislike, to whom I would be pleasing,  
Doth cloud my joys with danger and with sorrow.

K. EDW. My love, forbear to fawn upon their  
frowns:  
What danger or what sorrow can befall thee,  
So long as Edward is thy constant friend,

---

56 *bestow'd the heir*] Kings exerted the right of acting as guardian of heirs  
and heiresses of large estates during their minority, and of bestow-  
ing their hands in marriage. Edward IV caused the *heiress* of Lord  
Bonville to be married to his queen's son by her former marriage.

And their true sovereign, whom they must obey?  
Nay, whom they shall obey, and love thee too,  
Unless they seek for hatred at my hands;  
Which if they do, yet will I keep thee safe,  
And they shall feel the vengeance of my wrath.

80

GLOU. I hear, yet say not much, but think the more.

[*Aside.*]

*Enter a Post*

K. EDW. Now, messenger, what letters or what  
news  
From France?

POST. My sovereign liege, no letters; and few words,  
But such as I, without your special pardon,  
Dare not relate.

K. EDW. Go to, we pardon thee: therefore, in brief,  
Tell me their words as near as thou canst guess them.  
What answer makes King Lewis unto our letters? 90

POST. At my depart, these were his very words:  
"Go tell false Edward, thy supposed king,  
That Lewis of France is sending over masquers  
To revel it with him and his new bride."

K. EDW. Is Lewis so brave? belike he thinks me  
Henry.

But what said Lady Bona to my marriage?

POST. These were her words, utter'd with mild  
disdain:

"Tell him, in hope he'll prove a widower shortly,  
I'll wear the willow garland for his sake." 100

---

92 *depart*] departure. Cf. II, i, 110, *supra*.

K. EDW. I blame not her, she could say little less;  
She had the wrong. But what said Henry's queen?  
For I have heard that she was there in place.

POST. "Tell him," quoth she, "my mourning weeds  
are done,  
And I am ready to put armour on."

K. EDW. Belike she minds to play the Amazon.  
But what said Warwick to these injuries?

POST. He, more incensed against your majesty  
Than all the rest, discharged me with these words:  
"Tell him from me that he hath done me wrong, 110  
And therefore I'll uncrown him ere 't be long."

K. EDW. Ha! durst the traitor breathe out so proud  
words?

Well, I will arm me, being thus forewarn'd:  
They shall have wars and pay for their presumption.  
But say, is Warwick friends with Margaret?

POST. Ay, gracious sovereign; they are so link'd in  
friendship,  
That young Prince Edward marries Warwick's  
daughter.

CLAR. Belike the elder; Clarence will have the  
younger.  
Now, brother king, farewell, and sit you fast,  
For I will hence to Warwick's other daughter; 120  
That, though I want a kingdom, yet in marriage

103 *in place*] present. Cf. IV, vi, 31, *infra*.

118 *Clarence . . . younger*] Historically this is an error, Clarence marrying the elder, and Prince Edward the younger, daughter of Warwick. Cf. III, iii, 342, *supra*.

THE THIRD PART OF ACT IV

I may not prove inferior to yourself.  
You that love me and Warwick, follow me.

*[Exit Clarence, and Somerset follows.]*

GLOU. *[Aside]* Not I:  
My thoughts aim at a further matter; I  
Stay not for the love of Edward, but the crown.

K. EDW. Clarence and Somerset both gone to  
Warwick!

Yet am I arm'd against the worst can happen;  
And haste is needful in this desperate case.  
Pembroke and Stafford, you in our behalf 130  
Go levy men, and make prepare for war;  
They are already, or quickly will be landed:  
Myself in person will straight follow you.

*[Exeunt Pembroke and Stafford.]*

But, ere I go, Hastings and Montague,  
Resolve my doubt. You twain, of all the rest,  
Are near to Warwick by blood and by alliance:  
Tell me if you love Warwick more than me;  
If it be so, then both depart to him;  
I rather wish you foes than hollow friends:  
But if you mind to hold your true obedience, 140  
Give me assurance with some friendly vow,  
That I may never have you in suspect.

MONT. So God help Montague as he proves true!

HAST. And Hastings as he favours Edward's cause!

K. EDW. Now, brother Richard, will you stand by  
us?

GLOU. Ay, in despite of all that shall withstand  
you.

K. EDW. Why, so! then am I sure of victory.

Now therefore let us hence; and lose no hour,  
Till we meet Warwick with his foreign power. [*Exeunt*]

## SCENE II—A PLAIN IN WARWICKSHIRE

*Enter WARWICK and OXFORD, with French soldiers*

WAR. Trust me, my lord, all hitherto goes well;  
The common people by numbers swarm to us.

*Enter CLARENCE and SOMERSET*

But see where Somerset and Clarence comes!  
Speak suddenly, my lords, are we all friends?

CLAR. Fear not that, my lord.

WAR. Then, gentle Clarence, welcome unto Warwick;  
And welcome, Somerset: I hold it cowardice  
To rest mistrustful where a noble heart  
Hath pawn'd an open hand in sign of love;  
Else might I think that Clarence, Edward's brother, 10  
Were but a feigned friend to our proceedings:  
But welcome, sweet Clarence; my daughter shall be  
thine.

And now what rests but, in night's coverture,  
Thy brother being carelessly encamp'd,  
His soldiers lurking in the towns about,  
And but attended by a simple guard,  
We may surprise and take him at our pleasure?

7 *welcome, Somerset*] the Duke of Somerset of this period, a consistent  
Lancastrian, had never joined the Yorkists. Cf. IV, i, 6, *supra*,  
and note.

13 *in night's coverture*] in the shadow of night.

15 *towns*] villages; a frequent usage.



Our scouts have found the adventure very easy:  
 That as Ulysses and stout Diomede  
 With sleight and manhood stole to Rhesus' tents, 20  
 And brought from thence the Thracian fatal steeds,  
 So we, well cover'd with the night's black mantle,  
 At unawares may beat down Edward's guard,  
 And seize himself; I say not, slaughter him,  
 For I intend but only to surprise him.  
 You that will follow me to this attempt,  
 Applaud the name of Henry with your leader.  
[They all cry, "Henry!"]  
 Why, then, let's on our way in silent sort:  
 For Warwick and his friends, God and Saint George!  
[Exeunt.]

## SCENE III — EDWARD'S CAMP, NEAR WARWICK

*Enter three Watchmen, to guard the KING's tent*

FIRST WATCH. Come on, my masters, each man  
 take his stand:

The king by this is set him down to sleep.

SECOND WATCH. What, will he not to bed?

FIRST WATCH. Why, no; for he hath made a solemn  
 vow,

19-21 as *Ulysses . . . steeds*] According to Homer's *Iliad*, Book X, the Thracian prince Rhesus was bringing help to Priam and was thereby apparently fulfilling the prophecy that if Thracian horses once drank of the river Xanthus or grazed on Trojan pastures, Troy would never fall, when the Greeks, Ulysses and Diomede, intercepted the approach of the Thracian prince and killed him and his horses. Ovid refers to the story in *Metamorphoses*, XIII, 249.

## SCENE III

## KING HENRY VI

Never to lie and take his natural rest,  
Till Warwick or himself be quite suppress'd.

SECOND WATCH. To-morrow then belike shall be the  
day,  
If Warwick be so near as men report.

THIRD WATCH. But say, I pray, what nobleman  
is that,  
That with the king here resteth in his tent? 10

FIRST WATCH. 'T is the Lord Hastings, the king's  
chiefest friend.

THIRD WATCH. O, is it so? But why commands  
the king  
That his chief followers lodge in towns about him,  
While he himself keeps in the cold field?

SECOND WATCH. 'T is the more honour, because  
more dangerous.

THIRD WATCH. Ay, but give me worship and  
quietness;  
I like it better than a dangerous honour.  
If Warwick knew in what estate he stands,  
'T is to be doubted he would waken him.

FIRST WATCH. Unless our halberts did shut up his  
passage. 20

SECOND WATCH. Ay, wherefore else guard we his  
royal tent,  
But to defend his person from night-foes?

*Enter WARWICK, CLARENCE, OXFORD, SOMERSET, and French  
soldiers, silent all*

WAR. This is his tent; and see where stand his  
guard.

# THE THIRD PART OF

ACT IV

Courage, my masters! honour now or never!  
But follow me, and Edward shall be ours.

FIRST WATCH. Who goes there?

SECOND WATCH. Stay, or thou diest!

*[Warwick and the rest cry all, "Warwick! Warwick!"  
and set upon the Guard, who fly, crying,  
"Arm! arm!" Warwick and the rest following  
them.]*

*The drum playing and trumpet sounding, re-enter WARWICK, SOM-  
ERSET, and the rest, bringing the KING out in his gown, sitting  
in a chair. RICHARD and HASTINGS fly over the stage*

SOM. What are they that fly there?

WAR. Richard and Hastings: let them go; here is  
The duke.

K. EDW. The duke! Why, Warwick, when we  
parted, 30  
Thou call'dst me king.

WAR. Ay, but the case is alter'd:  
When you disgraced me in my embassy,  
Then I degraded you from being king,  
And come now to create you Duke of York.  
Alas! how should you govern any kingdom,  
That know not how to use ambassadors,  
Nor how to be contented with one wife,  
Nor how to use your brothers brotherly,  
Nor how to study for the people's welfare,  
Nor how to shroud yourself from enemies? 40

---

30 *parted*] Thus the Folios. The Quartos add *last*, which Capell re-  
stored.

K. EDW. Yea, brother of Clarence, art thou here too?  
Nay, then I see that Edward needs must down.  
Yet, Warwick, in despite of all mischance,  
Of thee thyself and all thy complices,  
Edward will always bear himself as king:  
Though fortune's malice overthrow my state,  
My mind exceeds the compass of her wheel.

WAR. Then, for his mind, be Edward England's  
king: *[Takes off his crown.]*

But Henry now shall wear the English crown,  
And be true king indeed, thou but the shadow. 50  
My Lord of Somerset, at my request,  
See that forthwith Duke Edward be convey'd  
Unto my brother, Archbishop of York.  
When I have fought with Pembroke and his fellows,  
I'll follow you, and tell what answer  
Lewis and the Lady Bona send to him.  
Now, for a while farewell, good Duke of York.

*[They lead him out forcibly.]*

K. EDW. What fates impose, that men must needs  
abide;

It boots not to resist both wind and tide. *[Exit, guarded.]*

OXF. What now remains, my lords, for us to do, 60  
But march to London with our soldiers?

WAR. Ay, that's the first thing that we have to do;  
To free king Henry from imprisonment,  
And see him seated in the regal throne. *[Exeunt.]*

---

48 *for his mind*] in mind, in imagination (not in reality).

THE THIRD PART OF      ACT IV

---

SCENE IV — LONDON

THE PALACE

*Enter* QUEEN ELIZABETH and RIVERS

RIV. Madam, what makes you in this sudden change?

Q. ELIZ. Why, brother Rivers, are you yet to learn  
What late misfortune is befall'n King Edward?

RIV. What! loss of some pitch'd battle against  
Warwick?

Q. ELIZ. No, but the loss of his own royal person.

RIV. Then is my sovereign slain?

Q. ELIZ. Ay, almost slain, for he is taken prisoner,  
Either betray'd by falsehood of his guard,  
Or by his foe surprised at unawares:

And, as I further have to understand, 10  
Is new committed to the Bishop of York,  
Fell Warwick's brother and by that our foe.

RIV. These news I must confess are full of grief;  
Yet, gracious madam, bear it as you may:  
Warwick may lose, that now hath won the day.

Q. ELIZ. Till then fair hope must hinder life's decay.  
And I the rather wean me from despair  
For love of Edward's offspring in my womb:  
This is it that makes me bridle passion,  
And bear with mildness my misfortune's cross; 20  
Ay, ay, for this I draw in many a tear  
And stop the rising of blood-sucking sighs,

---

<sup>22</sup> *blood-sucking sighs*] See note on 2 *Hen. VI*, III, ii, 63: "*blood-drinking sighs*."

## SCENE V

## KING HENRY VI

Lest with my sighs or tears I blast or drown  
King Edward's fruit, true heir to the English crown.

RIV. But, madam, where is Warwick then become?

Q. ELIZ. I am inform'd that he comes towards  
London,

To set the crown once more on Henry's head:  
Guess thou the rest; King Edward's friends must down,  
But, to prevent the tyrant's violence, —  
For trust not him that hath once broken faith, — 30  
I'll hence forthwith unto the sanctuary,  
To save at least the heir of Edward's right:  
There shall I rest secure from force and fraud.  
Come, therefore, let us fly while we may fly:  
If Warwick take us we are sure to die. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V — A PARK NEAR MIDDLEHAM CASTLE  
IN YORKSHIRE

*Enter GLOUCESTER, LORD HASTINGS, SIR WILLIAM STANLEY,  
and others*

GLOU. Now, my Lord Hastings and Sir William  
Stanley,  
Leave off to wonder why I drew you hither,  
Into this chiefest thicket of the park.  
Thus stands the case: you know our king, my brother,

25 *where . . . become?*] what has become of Warwick? Cf. II, i, 10, and  
note.

31 *the sanctuary*] the precincts of Westminster Abbey, where accused  
persons enjoyed freedom from arrest.

THE THIRD PART OF ACT IV

Is prisoner to the bishop here, at whose hands  
He hath good usage and great liberty,  
And, often but attended with weak guard,  
Comes hunting this way to disport himself.  
I have advertised him by secret means,  
That if about this hour he make this way 10  
Under the colour of his usual game,  
He shall here find his friends with horse and men  
To set him free from his captivity.

*Enter KING EDWARD and a Huntsman with him*

HUNT. This way, my lord; for this way lies the  
game.

K. EDW. Nay, this way, man: see where the hunts-  
men stand.

Now, brother of Gloucester, Lord Hastings, and the  
rest,

Stand you thus close, to steal the bishop's deer?

GLOU. Brother, the time and case requireth haste:  
Your horse stands ready at the park-corner.

K. EDW. But whither shall we then?

HAST. To Lynn, my lord, 20  
And ship from thence to Flanders.

GLOU. Well guess'd, believe me; for that was my  
meaning.

K. EDW. Stanley, I will requite thy forwardness.

GLOU. But wherefore stay we? 't is no time to talk.

K. EDW. Huntsmen, what say'st thou? wilt thou go  
along?

11 *colour*] pretext, pretence.

## SCENE VI

## KING HENRY VI

HUNT. Better do so than tarry and be hang'd.  
GLOU. Come then, away; let's ha' no more ado.  
K. EDW. Bishop, farewell: shield thee from Warwick's frown;  
And pray that I may repossess the crown. [Exeunt.]

## SCENE VI — LONDON

## THE TOWER

*Flourish.* Enter KING HENRY, CLARENCE, WARWICK, SOMERSET, young RICHMOND, OXFORD, MONTAGUE, and Lieutenant of the Tower

K. HEN. Master lieutenant, now that God and friends  
Have shaken Edward from the regal seat,  
And turn'd my captive state to liberty,  
My fear to hope, my sorrows unto joys,  
At our enlargement what are thy due fees?

LIEU. Subjects may challenge nothing of their  
sovereigns;  
But if an humble prayer may prevail,  
I then crave pardon of your majesty.

K. HEN. For what, lieutenant? for well using me?  
Nay, be thou sure I'll well requite thy kindness, 10  
For that it made my imprisonment a pleasure;  
Ay, such a pleasure as incaged birds  
Conceive, when after many moody thoughts,

*5 enlargement*] release from prison.



At last, by notes of household harmony,  
They quite forget their loss of liberty.  
But, Warwick, after God, thou set'st me free,  
And chiefly therefore I thank God and thee;  
He was the author, thou the instrument.  
Therefore, that I may conquer fortune's spite  
By living low, where fortune cannot hurt me, 20  
And that the people of this blessed land  
May not be punish'd with my thwarting stars,  
Warwick, although my head still wear the crown,  
I here resign my government to thee,  
For thou art fortunate in all thy deeds.

WAR. Your grace hath still been famed for virtuous;  
And now may seem as wise as virtuous,  
By spying and avoiding fortune's malice,  
For few men rightly temper with the stars:  
Yet in this one thing let me blame your grace, 30  
For choosing me when Clarence is in place.

CLAR. No, Warwick, thou art worthy of the sway,  
To whom the heavens in thy nativity  
Adjudged an olive branch and laurel crown,  
As likely to be blest in peace and war;  
And therefore I yield thee my free consent.

WAR. And I choose Clarence only for protector.

K. HEN. Warwick and Clarence, give me both your  
hands:  
Now join your hands, and with your hands your hearts,  
That no dissension hinder government: 40

29 *rightly . . . stars*] suit, accommodate their conduct to, their destiny.

31 *in place*] present. Cf. IV, i, 103, *supra*.

I make you both protectors of this land,  
While I myself will lead a private life,  
And in devotion spend my latter days,  
To sin's rebuke and my Creator's praise.

WAR. What answers Clarence to his sovereign's  
will?

CLAR. That he consents, if Warwick yield consent;  
For on thy fortune I repose myself.

WAR. Why, then, though loath, yet must I be  
content:

We'll yoke together, like a double shadow  
To Henry's body, and supply his place; 50  
I mean, in bearing weight of government,  
While he enjoys the honour and his ease.  
And, Clarence, now then it is more than needful  
Forthwith that Edward be pronounced a traitor,  
And all his lands and goods be confiscate.

CLAR. What else? and that succession be determined.

WAR. Ay, therein Clarence shall not want his part.

K. HEN. But, with the first of all your chief affairs,  
Let me entreat, for I command no more,  
That Margaret your queen and my son Edward 60  
Be sent for, to return from France with speed;  
For, till I see them here, by doubtful fear  
My joy of liberty is half eclipsed.

CLAR. It shall be done, my sovereign, with all  
speed.

K. HEN. My Lord of Somerset, what youth is that,  
Of whom you seem to have so tender care?

SOM. My liege, it is young Henry, earl of Richmond.

THE THIRD PART OF ACT IV

K. HEN. Come hither, England's hope. [*Lays his  
hand on his head*] If secret powers  
Suggest but truth to my divining thoughts,  
This pretty lad will prove our country's bliss. 70  
His looks are full of peaceful majesty,  
His head by nature framed to wear a crown,  
His hand to wield a sceptre, and himself  
Likely in time to bless a regal throne.  
Make much of him, my lords, for this is he  
Must help you more than you are hurt by me.

*Enter a Post*

WAR. What news, my friend?

POST. That Edward is escaped from your brother,  
And fled, as he hears since, to Burgundy.

WAR. Unsavoury news! but how made he escape? 80

POST. He was convey'd by Richard duke of  
Gloucester

And the Lord Hastings, who attended him  
In secret ambush on the forest side,  
And from the bishop's huntsmen rescued him;  
For hunting was his daily exercise.

WAR. My brother was too careless of his charge.  
But let us hence, my sovereign, to provide  
A salve for any sore that may betide.

*[Exeunt all but Somerset, Richmond, and Oxford.]*

68 *England's hope*] Henry, Earl of Richmond, son of Edmund Tudor,  
Earl of Richmond, was afterwards Henry VII. The reference which  
Henry VI makes to him in the text is drawn almost verbatim from  
the chroniclers Hall and Holinshed.

82 *attended*] waited for.

## SCENE VII

## KING HENRY VI

SOM. My lord, I like not of this flight of Edward's;  
For doubtless Burgundy will yield him help, 90  
And we shall have more wars before 't be long.  
As Henry's late presaging prophecy  
Did glad my heart with hope of this young Rich  
mond,

So doth my heart misgive me, in these conflicts  
What may befall him, to his harm and ours:  
Therefore, Lord Oxford, to prevent the worst,  
Forthwith we'll send him hence to Brittany,  
Till storms be past of civil enmity.

OXF. Ay, for if Edward repossess the crown,  
'T is like that Richmond with the rest shall down. 100

SOM. It shall be so; he shall to Brittany.  
Come, therefore, let's about it speedily. [Exeunt.]

## SCENE VII — BEFORE YORK

*Flourish. Enter KING EDWARD, GLOUCESTER, HASTINGS, and  
Soldiers*

K. EDW. Now, brother Richard, Lord Hastings,  
and the rest,  
Yet thus far fortune maketh us amends,  
And says that once more I shall interchange  
My waned state for Henry's regal crown.  
Well have we pass'd and now repass'd the seas,  
And brought desired help from Burgundy:  
What then remains, we being thus arrived

[ 109 ]

THE THIRD PART OF ACT IV

From Ravenspurgh haven before the gates of York,  
But that we enter, as into our dukedom?

GLOU. The gates made fast! Brother, I like not this; 10  
For many men that stumble at the threshold  
Are well foretold that danger lurks within.

K. EDW. Tush, man, abodements must not now  
affright us:

By fair or foul means we must enter in,  
For hither will our friends repair to us.

HAST. My liege, I'll knock once more to summon  
them.

*Enter, on the walls, the Mayor of York and his Brethren*

MAY. My lords, we were forewarned of your coming,  
And shut the gates for safety of ourselves;  
For now we owe allegiance unto Henry.

K. EDW. But, master mayor, if Henry be your king, 20  
Yet Edward at the least is Duke of York.

MAY. True, my good lord; I know you for no less.

K. EDW. Why, and I challenge nothing but my  
dukedom,  
As being well content with that alone.

GLOU. [*Aside*] But when the fox hath once got in his  
nose,  
He'll soon find means to make the body follow.

---

8 *Ravenspurgh*] Ravenspur, on the coast of Yorkshire. The Quartos  
often print the word *Raunspur*, a dissyllable. It should be pro-  
nounced dissyllabically in this irregular line.

13 *abodements*] forebodings, evil omens. Cf. V, vi, 45: "*aboding* luckless  
time."

HAST. Why, master mayor, why stand you in a doubt?

Open the gates; we are King Henry's friends.

MAY. Ay, say you so? the gates shall then be open'd. [They descend.]

GLOU. A wise stout captain, and soon persuaded! 30

HAST. The good old man would fain that all were well,

So 't were not 'long of him; but being enter'd,  
I doubt not, I, but we shall soon persuade  
Both him and all his brothers unto reason.

*Enter the Mayor and two Aldermen, below*

K. EDW. So, master mayor: these gates must not be shut

But in the night or in the time of war.

What! fear not, man, but yield me up the keys;

[Takes his keys.]

For Edward will defend the town and thee,  
And all those friends that deign to follow me.

*March. Enter MONTGOMERY, with drum and soldiers*

GLOU. Brother, this is Sir John Montgomery, 40  
Our trusty friend, unless I be deceived.

---

31-32 *The good old man . . . of him*] The Mayor is anxious to do as he is requested, but does not wish to be blamed for his complaisance; "long [*i. e.* along] of him" means "because of" or "through him."

40 *Sir John Montgomery*] This ally of King Edward was correctly Sir Thomas Montgomery. He had previously been in the service of

THE THIRD PART OF      ACT IV

K. EDW. Welcome, Sir John! But why come you  
in arms?

MONTG. To help King Edward in his time of storm,  
As every loyal subject ought to do.

K. EDW. Thanks, good Montgomery; but we now  
forget

Our title to the crown, and only claim  
Our dukedom till God please to send the rest.

MONTG. Then fare you well, for I will hence  
again:

I came to serve a king, and not a duke.

Drummer, strike up, and let us march away. 50

*[The drum begins to march.]*

K. EDW. Nay, stay, Sir John, a while, and we'll  
debate

By what safe means the crown may be recover'd.

MONTG. What talk you of debating? in few words,

If you'll not here proclaim yourself our king,

I'll leave you to your fortune, and be gone

To keep them back that come to succour you:

Why shall we fight, if you pretend no title?

GLOU. Why, brother, wherefore stand you on nice  
points?

K. EDW. When we grow stronger, then we'll make  
our claim:

Till then, 't is wisdom to conceal our meaning. 60

HAST. Away with scrupulous wit! now arms must  
rule.

---

Henry VI. His brother, Sir John, who was always a faithful Lancastrian, was beheaded by Edward IV, in the third year of his reign.  
57 *pretend no title*] make no pretension to the title.

SCENE VII      KING HENRY VI

---

GLOU. And fearless minds climb soonest unto crowns.  
Brother, we will proclaim you out of hand;  
The bruit thereof will bring you many friends.

K. EDW. Then be it as you will; for 't is my  
right,  
And Henry but usurps the diadem.

MONTG. Ay, now my sovereign speaketh like himself;  
And now will I be Edward's champion.

HAST. Sound trumpet; Edward shall he here  
proclaim'd:  
Come, fellow-soldier, make thou proclamation. 70

[*Flourish.*]  
SOLD. Edward the Fourth, by the grace of God,  
king of England and France, and lord of Ireland, &c.

MONTG. And whosoe'er gainsays King Edward's  
right,  
By this I challenge him to single fight.

[*Throws down his gauntlet.*]  
ALL. Long live Edward the Fourth!

K. EDW. Thanks, brave Montgomery; and thanks  
unto you all:

If fortune serve me, I'll requite this kindness.  
Now, for this night, let's harbour here in York;  
And when the morning sun shall raise his car  
Above the border of this horizon, 80  
We'll forward towards Warwick and his mates;

---

63 *out of hand*] straight away, immediately.

64 *bruit*] report.

80 *horizon*] The accent falls on the first and last syllables, not on the  
second syllable, as in modern speech.



THE THIRD PART OF ACT IV

For well I wot that Henry is no soldier.  
Ah, froward Clarence! how evil it beseems thee,  
To flatter Henry and forsake thy brother!  
Yet, as we may, we'll meet both thee and Warwick.  
Come on, brave soldiers: doubt not of the day,  
And, that once gotten, doubt not of large pay. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VIII — LONDON

THE PALACE

*Flourish.* Enter KING HENRY, WARWICK, MONTAGUE, CLARENCE,  
EXETER, and OXFORD

WAR. What counsel, lords? Edward from Belgia,  
With hasty Germans and blunt Hollanders,  
Hath pass'd in safety through the narrow seas,  
And with his troops doth march amain to London;  
And many giddy people flock to him.

K. HEN. Let's levy men, and beat him back again.

CLAR. A little fire is quickly trodden out;  
Which, being suffer'd, rivers cannot quench.

WAR. In Warwickshire I have true-hearted friends,  
Not mutinous in peace, yet bold in war; 10  
Those will I muster up: and thou, son Clarence,  
Shalt stir up in Suffolk, Norfolk and in Kent,

3 *the narrow seas*] See note on I, i, 239, where the term is applied to the  
St. George's Channel, between Dover and Calais. Here it is used  
of the passage between England and Holland.

8 *suffer'd*] *sc.* to spread.

The knights and gentlemen to come with thee:  
 Thou, brother Montague, in Buckingham,  
 Northampton and in Leicestershire, shalt find  
 Men well inclined to hear what thou command'st:  
 And thou, brave Oxford, wondrous well beloved,  
 In Oxfordshire shalt muster up thy friends.  
 My sovereign, with the loving citizens,  
 Like to his island girt in with the ocean, 20  
 Or modest Dian circled with her nymphs,  
 Shall rest in London till we come to him.  
 Fair lords, take leave and stand not to reply.  
 Farewell, my sovereign.

K. HEN. Farewell, my Hector, and my Troy's true  
 hope.

CLAR. In sign of truth, I kiss your highness' hand.

K. HEN. Well-minded Clarence, be thou fortunate!

MONT. Comfort, my lord; and so I take my leave.

OXF. And thus I seal my truth, and bid adieu.

K. HEN. Sweet Oxford, and my loving Montague, 30  
 And all at once, once more a happy farewell.

WAR. Farewell, sweet lords: let's meet at Coventry.

*[Exeunt all but King Henry and Exeter.]*

K. HEN. Here at the palace will I rest a while.  
 Cousin of Exeter, what thinks your lordship?  
 Methinks the power that Edward hath in field  
 Should not be able to encounter mine.

EXE. The doubt is that he will seduce the rest.

25 *Hector . . . hope*] See II, i, 51, *supra*, where Richard, Duke of York,  
 is described as the "hope of Troy."

37 *The doubt is*] The fear is.

K. HEN. That's not my fear; my meed hath got  
me fame:

I have not stopp'd mine ears to their demands,  
Nor posted off their suits with slow delays; 40  
My pity hath been balm to heal their wounds,  
My mildness hath allay'd their swelling griefs,  
My mercy dried their water-flowing tears;  
I have not been desirous of their wealth,  
Nor much oppress'd them with great subsidies,  
Nor forward of revenge, though they much err'd:  
Then why should they love Edward more than me?  
No, Exeter, these graces challenge grace:  
And when the lion fawns upon the lamb,  
The lamb will never cease to follow him. 50

[*Shout within, "A Lancaster! A Lancaster!"*]

EXE. Hark, hark, my lord! what shouts are these?

*Enter KING EDWARD, GLOUCESTER, and Soldiers*

K. EDW. Seize on the shame-faced Henry, bear him  
hence;  
And once again proclaim us king of England.  
You are the fount that makes small brooks to flow:  
Now stops thy spring; my sea shall suck them dry,

38 *meed*] merit.

40 *posted off*] put off. Cf. 2 *Hen. VI*, III, i, 255: "*posted over*," i. e., hurriedly passed by.

43 *water-flowing tears*] tears flowing like water. Cf. II, i, 80, *supra*, *furnace-burning*, i. e., "burning like a furnace," and V, i, 57, *infra*, "*Wind-changing Warwick*."

46 *forward of*] eager for.

SCENE VIII      KING HENRY VI

---

And swell so much the higher by their ebb.  
Hence with him to the Tower; let him not speak.

*[Exeunt some with King Henry.]*

And, lords, towards Coventry bend we our course,  
Where peremptory Warwick now remains:  
The sun shines hot; and, if we use delay,  
Cold biting winter mars our hoped-for hay.

60

GLOU. Away betimes, before his forces join,  
And take the great-grown traitor unawares:  
Brave warriors, march amain towards Coventry.

*[Exeunt.]*

---

61 *Cold . . . hay*] A variant of the common proverb "Make *hay* while the sun shines."



ACT FIFTH — SCENE I

COVENTRY

*Enter WARWICK, the Mayor of Coventry, two Messengers,  
and others upon the walls*

WARWICK



HERE IS THE POST THAT  
came from valiant Oxford?  
How far hence is thy lord, mine  
honest fellow?

FIRST MESS. By this at  
Dunsmore, marching hither-  
ward.

WAR. How far off is our  
brother Montague?  
Where is the post that came  
from Montague?

SECOND MESS. By this at  
Daintry, with a puissant troop.

*Enter SIR JOHN SOMERVILLE*

WAR. Say, Somerville, what says my loving son?  
And, by thy guess, how nigh is Clarence now?

*6 Daintry]* Daventry, a town in Northamptonshire, about thirty miles  
from Coventry.

SCENE I    THIRD PART OF KING HENRY VI

SOM. At Southam I did leave him with his forces,  
And do expect him here some two hours hence. 10

[*Drum heard.*]

WAR. Then Clarence is at hand; I hear his drum.

SOM. It is not his, my lord; here Southam lies:  
The drum your honour hears marcheth from Warwick.

WAR. Who should that be? belike, unlook'd-for  
friends.

SOM. They are at hand, and you shall quickly know.

*March. Flourish. Enter KING EDWARD, GLOUCESTER,  
and Soldiers*

K. EDW. Go, trumpet, to the walls, and sound a  
parle.

GLOU. See how the surly Warwick mans the wall!

WAR. O unbid spite! is sportful Edward come?  
Where slept our scouts, or how are they seduced,  
That we could hear no news of his repair? 20

K. EDW. Now, Warwick, wilt thou ope the city gates,  
Speak gentle words and humbly bend thy knee,  
Call Edward king and at his hands beg mercy?  
And he shall pardon thee these outrages.

WAR. Nay, rather, wilt thou draw thy forces hence,  
Confess who set thee up and pluck'd thee down,  
Call Warwick patron and be penitent?  
And thou shalt still remain the Duke of York.

GLOU. I thought, at least, he would have said the king;  
Or did he make the jest against his will? 30

18 *unbid* . . . *sportful*] uncalled for . . . lascivious.

20 *repair*] approach.

THE THIRD PART OF ACT V

WAR. Is not a dukedom, sir, a goodly gift?

GLOU. Ay, by my faith, for a poor earl to give:  
I'll do thee service for so good a gift.

WAR. 'T was I that gave the kingdom to thy brother.

K. EDW. Why then 't is mine, if but by Warwick's gift.

WAR. Thou art no Atlas for so great a weight:  
And, weakling, Warwick takes his gift again;  
And Henry is my king, Warwick his subject.

K. EDW. But Warwick's king is Edward's prisoner:  
And, gallant Warwick, do but answer this: 40  
What is the body when the head is off?

GLOU. Alas, that Warwick had no more forecast,  
But, whiles he thought to steal the single ten,  
The king was slily finger'd from the deck!  
You left poor Henry at the bishop's palace,  
And, ten to one, you'll meet him in the Tower.

K. EDW. 'T is even so; yet you are Warwick still.

GLOU. Come, Warwick, take the time; kneel down,  
kneel down:

Nay, when? strike now, or else the iron cools.

WAR. I had rather chop this hand off at a blow, 50

---

33 *I'll do thee service*] I'll enrol myself in thy service.

43-44 *single ten . . . deck*] The language is that of the card-table.

The "ten" (cf. *T. of Shrew*, II, i, 407: "a card of ten") and the "king" are familiar names of playing cards. "The single ten," where "single" has the significance of "feeble," is a reference to Clarence. The "deck" was the term commonly applied to a pack of cards; "finger'd from the deck" means "filched from the pack."

45 *the bishop's palace*] the palace of the bishop of London.

49 *Nay, when?*] A common ejaculatory of impatience.

## SCENE I

## KING HENRY VI

And with the other fling it at thy face,  
Than bear so low a sail, to strike to thee.

K. EDW. Sail how thou canst, have wind and tide  
thy friend,  
This hand, fast wound about thy coal-black hair,  
Shall, whiles thy head is warm and new cut off,  
Write in the dust this sentence with thy blood,  
"Wind-changing Warwick now can change no more."

*Enter OXFORD, with drum and colours*

WAR. O cheerful colours! see where Oxford comes!  
OXF. Oxford, Oxford, for Lancaster!

*[He and his forces enter the city.]*

GLOU. The gates are open, let us enter too. 60

K. EDW. So other foes may set upon our backs.  
Stand we in good array; for they no doubt  
Will issue out again and bid us battle:  
If not, the city being but of small defence,  
We'll quickly rouse the traitors in the same.  
WAR. O, welcome, Oxford! for we want thy help.

*Enter MONTAGUE, with drum and colours*

MONT. Montague, Montague, for Lancaster!

*[He and his forces enter the city.]*

GLOU. Thou and thy brother both shall buy this  
treason  
Even with the dearest blood your bodies bear.

57 "*Wind-changing*] Changing with the wind. Cf. II, i, 80, *supra*, and  
IV, viii, 43.

68 *buy*] pay for.



THE THIRD PART OF

ACT V

K. EDW. The harder match'd, the greater victory: 70  
My mind presageth happy gain and conquest.

*Enter SOMERSET, with drum and colours*

SOM. Somerset, Somerset, for Lancaster!

*[He and his forces enter the city]*

GLOU. Two of thy name, both Dukes of Somerset,  
Have sold their lives unto the house of York;  
And thou shalt be the third, if this sword hold.

*Enter CLARENCE, with drum and colours*

WAR. And lo, where George of Clarence sweeps  
along,

Of force enough to bid his brother battle;  
With whom an upright zeal to right prevails  
More than the nature of a brother's love!  
Come, Clarence, come; thou wilt, if Warwick call. 80

CLAR. Father of Warwick, know you what this  
means? *[Taking his red rose out of his hat.]*

Look here, I throw my infamy at thee:  
I will not ruinate my father's house,  
Who gave his blood to lime the stones together,  
And set up Lancaster. Why, trow'st thou, Warwick,

73 *Two of thy name]* The father and elder brother of the present Duke of Somerset both lost their lives while fighting for Henry VI, the father at the first battle of St. Albans, May 22, 1455, and the brother, who for a very brief while previously transferred his allegiance to King Edward, after the battle of Hexham, April 25, 1464. Cf. IV, i, 6, and IV, ii, 3-7, *supra*. The present Duke was slain at the battle of Tewkesbury, May 4, 1471. Cf. V, v, 3, and V, vii, 5, *infra*.  
81 (stage direction) *[Taking . . . hat]* This stage direction, omitted from the Folios, was restored by Theobald from the Quartos.

That Clarence is so harsh, so blunt, unnatural,  
To bend the fatal instruments of war  
Against his brother and his lawful king?  
Perhaps thou wilt object my holy oath:  
To keep that oath were more impiety 90  
Than Jephthah's, when he sacrificed his daughter.  
I am so sorry for my trespass made  
That, to deserve well at my brother's hands,  
I here proclaim myself thy mortal foe,  
With resolution, wheresoe'er I meet thee —  
As I will meet thee, if thou stir abroad —  
To plague thee for thy foul misleading me.  
And so, proud-hearted Warwick, I defy thee,  
And to my brother turn my blushing cheeks.  
Pardon me, Edward, I will make amends: 100  
And, Richard, do not frown upon my faults,  
For I will henceforth be no more unconstant.

K. EDW. Now welcome more, and ten times more  
beloved,  
Than if thou never hadst deserved our hate.

GLOU. Welcome, good Clarence; this is brother-like.

WAR. O passing traitor, perjured and unjust!

K. EDW. What, Warwick, wilt thou leave the town,  
and fight?

Or shall we beat the stones about thine ears?

WAR. Alas, I am not coop'd here for defence!

86 *blunt*] stupid, insensible (to fraternal feeling).

91 *Jephthah's*] Cf. *Judges* xi, 30 seq.: "And Jephthah vowed a vow unto the Lord."

106 *passing*] surpassing, egregious.

THE THIRD PART OF ACT V

I will away towards Barnet presently, 110  
And bid thee battle, Edward, if thou darest.

K. EDW. Yes, Warwick, Edward dares, and leads  
the way.

Lords, to the field; Saint George and victory!

[*Exeunt King Edward and his company. March.*  
*Warwick and his company follow.*]

SCENE II—A FIELD OF BATTLE NEAR BARNET

*Alarum and excursions. Enter KING EDWARD, bringing forth  
WARWICK wounded*

K. EDW. So, lie thou there: die thou, and die our  
fear;

For Warwick was a bug that fear'd us all.  
Now, Montague, sit fast; I seek for thee,  
That Warwick's bones may keep thine company. [*Exit.*]

WAR. Ah, who is nigh? come to me, friend or foe,  
And tell me, who is victor, York or Warwick?  
Why ask I that? my mangled body shows,  
My blood, my want of strength, my sick heart shows,  
That I must yield my body to the earth  
And, by my fall, the conquest to my foe. 10  
Thus yields the cedar to the axe's edge,  
Whose arms gave shelter to the princely eagle,  
Under whose shade the ramping lion slept,

2 *Warwick . . . fear'd*] Warwick was a bugbear that frightened us all.  
Cf. *T. of Shrew*, I, ii, 207: "fear boys with bugs."

Whose top-branch overpeer'd Jove's spreading tree,  
And kept low shrubs from winter's powerful wind.  
These eyes, that now are dimm'd with death's black  
veil,

Have been as piercing as the mid-day sun,  
To search the secret treasons of the world:  
The wrinkles in my brows, now fill'd with blood,  
Were liken'd oft to kingly sepulchres;  
For who lived king, but I could dig his grave?  
And who durst smile when Warwick bent his brow?  
Lo, now my glory smear'd in dust and blood!  
My parks, my walks, my manors that I had,  
Even now forsake me, and of all my lands  
Is nothing left me but my body's length.  
Why, what is pomp, rule, reign, but earth and dust?  
And, live we how we can, yet die we must.

20

*Enter OXFORD and SOMERSET*

SOM. Ah, Warwick, Warwick! wert thou as we are,  
We might recover all our loss again:  
The queen from France hath brought a puissant power:  
Even now we heard the news: ah, couldst thou fly!

30

WAR. Why, then I would not fly. Ah, Montague,  
If thou be there, sweet brother, take my hand,  
And with thy lips keep in my soul a while!  
Thou lovest me not; for, brother, if thou didst,  
Thy tears would wash this cold congealed blood,

14 *Jove's spreading tree*] the oak. Cf. Virgil, *Georgics*, III, 332: *magna Jovis . . . quercus*.

That glues my lips and will not let me speak.  
Come quickly, Montague, or I am dead.

SOM. Ah, Warwick! Montague hath breathed his  
last;

40

And to the latest gasp cried out for Warwick,  
And said "Commend me to my valiant brother."  
And more he would have said, and more he spoke,  
Which sounded like a clamour in a vault,  
That mought not be distinguish'd; but at last  
I well might hear, delivered with a groan,  
"O, farewell, Warwick!"

WAR. Sweet rest his soul! Fly, lords, and save  
yourselves;  
For Warwick bids you all farewell, to meet in heaven.

[Dies.]

OXF. Away, away, to meet the queen's great power!  
[Here they bear away his body. Exeunt.]

## SCENE III — ANOTHER PART OF THE FIELD

*Flourish. Enter KING EDWARD in triumph; with GLOUCESTER,  
CLARENCE, and the rest*

K. EDW. Thus far our fortune keeps an upward  
course,  
And we are graced with wreaths of victory.  
But, in the midst of this bright-shining day,  
I spy a black, suspicious, threatening cloud,

44 *clamour*] Thus the Quartos. The Folios read *cannon*.

[ 126 ]

That will encounter with our glorious sun,  
 Ere he attain his easeful western bed:  
 I mean, my lords, those powers that the queen  
 Hath raised in Gallia have arrived our coast,  
 And, as we hear, march on to fight with us.

CLAR. A little gale will soon disperse that cloud, 10  
 And blow it to the source from whence it came:  
 Thy very beams will dry those vapours up,  
 For every cloud engenders not a storm.

GLOU. The queen is valued thirty thousand strong,  
 And Somerset, with Oxford, fled to her:  
 If she have time to breathe, be well assured  
 Her faction will be full as strong as ours.

K. EDW. We are advertised by our loving friends  
 That they do hold their course toward Tewksbury:  
 We, having now the best at Barnet field, 20  
 Will thither straight, for willingness rids way;  
 And, as we march, our strength will be augmented  
 In every county as we go along.  
 Strike up the drum; cry "Courage!" and away.

[*Exeunt.*]

5 *our glorious sun*] the cognizance or badge of the House of York. Cf.  
 II, i, 39-40, *supra*.

8 *arrived*] often used, as here, in the transitive sense of "reach."

12 *Thy very beams*] Cf. line 5, *supra*: "our glorious sun."

21 *willingness rids way*] willingness gets rid of distance. Cf. Peele's  
*Arraignment of Paris*, III, i, 88 (*Works*, ed. Bullen, Vol. I, p. 40):  
 "my game is quick, and *rids a length of ground*."

THE THIRD PART OF ACT V

---

SCENE IV — PLAINS NEAR TEWKSBURY

*March. Enter QUEEN MARGARET, PRINCE EDWARD, SOMERSET, OXFORD, and Soldiers*

Q. MAR. Great lords, wise men ne'er sit and wail  
their loss,  
But cheerly seek how to redress their harms.  
What though the mast be now blown overboard,  
The cable broke, the holding-anchor lost,  
And half our sailors swallow'd in the flood?  
Yet lives our pilot still. Is 't meet that he  
Should leave the helm, and like a fearful lad  
With tearful eyes add water to the sea,  
And give more strength to that which hath too much,  
Whiles, in his moan, the ship splits on the rock, 10  
Which industry and courage might have saved?  
Ah, what a shame! ah, what a fault were this!  
Say Warwick was our anchor; what of that?  
And Montague our topmast; what of him?  
Our slaughter'd friends the tackles; what of these?  
Why, is not Oxford here another anchor?  
And Somerset another goodly mast?  
The friends of France our shrouds and tacklings?  
And, though unskilful, why not Ned and I  
For once allow'd the skilful pilot's charge? 20

---

4 *holding-anchor*] *sheet-anchor*.

8-9 *With tearful eyes . . . too much*] A stock sentiment. Cf. *As You Like It*, II, i, 42-49, and *Sonnet cxxxv*, 9-10: "The sea, all water, yet receives rain still, And in abundance addeth to his store."

We will not from the helm to sit and weep,  
But keep our course, though the rough wind say no,  
From shelves and rocks that threaten us with wreck.  
As good to chide the waves as speak them fair.  
And what is Edward but a ruthless sea?  
What Clarence but a quicksand of deceit?  
And Richard but a ragged fatal rock?  
All these the enemies to our poor bark.  
Say you can swim; alas, 't is but a while!  
Tread on the sand; why, there you quickly sink: 30  
Bestride the rock; the tide will wash you off,  
Or else you famish; that's a threefold death.  
This speak I, lords, to let you understand,  
If case some one of you would fly from us,  
That there's no hoped-for mercy with the brothers,  
More than with ruthless waves, with sands and rocks.  
Why, courage then! what cannot be avoided  
'T were childish weakness to lament or fear.

PRINCE. Methinks a woman of this valiant spirit  
Should, if a coward heard her speak these words, 40  
Infuse his breast with magnanimity,  
And make him, naked, foil a man at arms.  
I speak not this as doubting any here;  
For did I but suspect a fearful man,  
He should have leave to go away betimes,  
Lest in our need he might infect another,  
And make him of like spirit to himself.  
If any such be here — as God forbid! —  
Let him depart before we need his help.

---

23 shelves] sandbanks.



THE THIRD PART OF

ACT V

OXF. Women and children of so high a courage, 50  
And warriors faint! why, 't were perpetual shame.  
O brave young prince! thy famous grandfather  
Doth live again in thee: long mayst thou live  
To bear his image and renew his glories!

SOM. And he that will not fight for such a hope,  
Go home to bed, and like the owl by day,  
If he arise, be mock'd and wonder'd at.

Q. MAR. Thanks, gentle Somerset; sweet Oxford,  
thanks.

PRINCE. And take his thanks that yet hath nothing  
else.

*Enter a Messenger*

MESS. Prepare you, lords, for Edward is at hand, 60  
Ready to fight; therefore be resolute.

OXF. I thought no less: it is his policy  
To haste thus fast, to find us unprovided.

SOM. But he's deceived; we are in readiness.

Q. MAR. This cheers my heart, to see your forward-  
ness.

OXF. Here pitch our battle; hence we will not budge.

*Flourish and March. Enter KING EDWARD, GLOUCESTER,  
CLARENCE and Soldiers*

K. EDW. Brave followers, yonder stands the thorny  
wood,  
Which, by the heavens' assistance and your strength,  
Must by the roots be hewn up yet ere night.  
I need not add more fuel to your fire, 70

[ 130 ]

For well I wot ye blaze to burn them out:

Give signal to the fight, and to it, lords!

Q. MAR. Lords, knights, and gentlemen, what I  
should say

My tears gainsay; for every word I speak,

Ye see, I drink the water of mine eyes.

Therefore, no more but this: Henry, your sovereign,

Is prisoner to the foe; his state usurp'd,

His realm a slaughter-house, his subjects slain,

His statutes cancell'd, and his treasure spent;

And yonder is the wolf that makes this spoil. 80

You fight in justice: then, in God's name, lords,

Be valiant, and give signal to the fight.

[*Alarum: Retreat: Excursions. Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE V — ANOTHER PART OF THE FIELD

*Flourish. Enter KING EDWARD, GLOUCESTER, CLARENCE, and  
soldiers; with QUEEN MARGARET, OXFORD, and SOMERSET,  
prisoners*

K. EDW. Now here a period of tumultuous broils.

Away with Oxford to Hames Castle straight:

For Somerset, off with his guilty head.

Go, bear them hence; I will not hear them speak.

75 *I drink . . . eyes*] Cf. *Psalm lxxx, 5*: "Thou feedest them with  
the bread of tears, and givest them tears to drink."

1 *period*] cessation.

2 *Hames Castle*] The famous castle in Picardy, then still in English  
hands, where many famous persons have been imprisoned; notably  
Louis Napoleon, afterwards Napoleon III, from 1840 to 1846.

THE THIRD PART OF

ACT V

OXF. For my part, I'll not trouble thee with words.

SOM. Nor I, but stoop with patience to my fortune.

[*Exeunt Oxford and Somerset, guarded.*]

Q. MAR. So part we sadly in this troublous world,  
To meet with joy in sweet Jerusalem.

K. EDW. Is proclamation made, that who finds  
Edward

Shall have a high reward, and he his life? 10

GLO. It is: and lo, where youthful Edward comes!

*Enter Soldiers, with PRINCE EDWARD*

K. EDW. Bring forth the gallant, let us hear him  
speak.

What! can so young a thorn begin to prick?

Edward, what satisfaction canst thou make

For bearing arms, for stirring up my subjects,

And all the trouble thou hast turn'd me to?

PRINCE. Speak like a subject, proud ambitious York!

Suppose that I am now my father's mouth;

Resign thy chair, and where I stand kneel thou,

Whilst I propose the selfsame words to thee, 20

Which, traitor, thou wouldst have me answer to.

Q. MAR. Ah, that thy father had been so resolved!

GLOU. That you might still have worn the petticoat,  
And ne'er have stol'n the breech from Lancaster.

16 *turn'd me to*] put me to, caused me. Cf. *Tempest*, I, ii, 64: "the  
teen that I have *turn'd you to*."

24 *stol'n the breech*] a reference to the proverbial wearing of the breeches  
by a shrewish wife. Cf. *2 Hen. VI*, I, iii, 144: "Though in this  
place most master wear no *breeches*."

PRINCE. Let Æsop fable in a winter's night;  
His currish riddles sort not with this place.

GLOU. By heaven, brat, I'll plague ye for that  
word.

Q. MAR. Ay, thou wast born to be a plague to men.

GLOU. For God's sake, take away this captive  
scold.

PRINCE. Nay, take away this scolding crook-back  
rather. 30

K. EDW. Peace, wilful boy, or I will charm your  
tongue.

CLAR. Untutor'd lad, thou art too malapert.

PRINCE. I know my duty; you are all undutiful:  
Lascivious Edward, and thou perjured George,  
And thou mis-shapen Dick, I tell ye all  
I am your better, traitors as ye are:  
And thou usurp'st my father's right and mine.

K. EDW. Take that, thou likeness of this railer here.  
[Stabs him.]

GLOU. Sprawl'st thou? take that, to end thy agony.  
[Stabs him.]

CLAR. And there's for twitting me with perjury. 40  
[Stabs him.]

Q. MAR. O, kill me too!

GLOU. Marry, and shall. [Offers to kill her.]

K. EDW. Hold, Richard, hold; for we have done  
too much.

25 *Æsop*] The fabulist was commonly reputed to be a hunchback.

31 *charm your tongue*] silence your tongue. Cf. *2 Hen. VI*, iv, i, 64:  
"charm thy riotous tongue."

38 *this railer*] a reference to his railing mother.

THE THIRD PART OF ACT V

GLOU. Why should she live, to fill the world with words?

K. EDW. What, doth she swoon? use means for her recovery.

GLOU. Clarence, excuse me to the king my brother; I'll hence to London on a serious matter:  
Ere ye come there, be sure to hear some news.

CLAR. What? what?

GLOU. The Tower, the Tower. [Exit. 50]

Q. MAR. O Ned, sweet Ned! speak to thy mother, boy!

Canst thou not speak? O traitors! murderers!  
They that stabb'd Cæsar shed no blood at all,  
Did not offend, nor were not worthy blame,  
If this foul deed were by to equal it:  
He was a man; this, in respect, a child:  
And men ne'er spend their fury on a child.  
What's worse than murderer, that I may name it?  
No, no, my heart will burst, an if I speak:  
And I will speak, that so my heart may burst. 60  
Butchers and villains! bloody cannibals!  
How sweet a plant have you untimely cropp'd!  
You have no children, butchers! if you had,  
The thought of them would have stirr'd up remorse:  
But if you ever chance to have a child,

---

44 *words*] contentious words, disputes.

56 *in respect*] in comparison.

63 *You have no children*] Cf. *Macb.*, IV, iii, 217: "He has no children";  
said by Macduff of Macbeth.

64 *remorse*] pity.

Look in his youth to have him so cut off,  
As, deathsmen, you have rid this sweet young prince!

K. EDW. Away with her; go, bear her hence perforce.

Q. MAR. Nay, never bear me hence, dispatch me here;

Here sheathe thy sword, I'll pardon thee my death: 70  
What, wilt thou not? then, Clarence, do it thou.

CLAR. By heaven, I will not do thee so much ease.

Q. MAR. Good Clarence, do; sweet Clarence, do thou do it.

CLAR. Didst thou not hear me swear I would not do it?

Q. MAR. Ay, but thou usest to forswear thyself:

'T was sin before, but now 't is charity.

What, wilt thou not? Where is that devil's butcher,  
Hard-favour'd Richard? Richard, where art thou?

Thou art not here: murder is thy alms-deed;

Petitioners for blood thou ne'er put'st back. 80

K. EDW. Away, I say; I charge ye, bear her hence.

Q. MAR. So come to you and yours, as to this prince!  
[Exit, led out forcibly.]

K. EDW. Where's Richard gone?

CLAR. To London, all in post; and, as I guess,  
To make a bloody supper in the Tower.

K. EDW. He's sudden, if a thing comes in his head.  
Now march we hence: discharge the common sort

67 *As, deathsmen, . . . rid*] As executioners you have cut off, destroyed.

78 *Hard-favour'd*] Ill-favoured, ugly.

84 *in post*] in post-haste. Cf. I, ii, 48, *supra*.

THE THIRD PART OF      ACT V

---

With pay and thanks, and let's away to London,  
And see our gentle queen how well she fares:  
By this, I hope, she hath a son for me.      [Exeunt. 90

SCENE VI — LONDON

THE TOWER

*Enter KING HENRY and GLOUCESTER, with the Lieutenant,  
on the walls*

GLOU. Good day, my lord. What, at your book so  
hard?

K. HEN. Ay, my good lord: — my lord, I should  
say rather;

'Tis sin to flatter; "good" was little better:  
"Good Gloucester" and "good devil" were alike,  
And both preposterous; therefore, not "good lord."

GLOU. Sirrah, leave us to ourselves: we must confer.  
[Exit Lieutenant.]

K. HEN. So flies the reckless shepherd from the  
wolf;

So first the harmless sheep doth yield his fleece,  
And next his throat unto the butcher's knife.

What scene of death hath Roscius now to act?      10

GLOU. Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind;  
The thief doth fear each bush an officer.

---

10 *Roscus*] The most famous of Roman actors (d. 62 B.C.). His name  
was commonly used by Elizabethans as a general appellation of tragic  
actors, though as a matter of history his fame was made in comedy.

K. HEN. The bird that hath been limed in a bush,  
 With trembling wings misdoubteth every bush;  
 And I, the hapless male to one sweet bird,  
 Have now the fatal object in my eye,  
 Where my poor young was limed, was caught and  
 kill'd.

GLOU. Why, what a peevish fool was that of Crete,  
 That taught his son the office of a fowl!  
 And yet, for all his wings, the fool was drown'd. 20

K. HEN. I, Dædalus; my poor boy, Icarus;  
 Thy father, Minos, that denied our course;  
 The sun that sear'd the wings of my sweet boy  
 Thy brother Edward, and thyself the sea  
 Whose envious gulf did swallow up his life.  
 Ah, kill me with thy weapon, not with words!  
 My breast can better brook thy dagger's point,  
 Than can my ears that tragic history.  
 But wherefore dost thou come? is 't for my life?

GLOU. Think'st thou I am an executioner? 30

K. HEN. A persecutor, I am sure, thou art:  
 If murdering innocents be executing,  
 Why, then thou art an executioner.

13 *limed in a bush*] snared in a bush smeared with birdlime. Cf. *2 Hen.*  
*VI*, I, iii, 86: "myself have *limed a bush* for her."

15 *male*] male parent, father.

21 *Dædalus . . . Icarus*] According to the story told by Ovid (*Metamorphoses*, VIII, 183-235), Dædalus and his son Icarus being imprisoned in Crete by King Minos made wings for himself and his son, wherewith to escape by flight. But Icarus flew too near the sun. The wax, which attached the wings to his body, melted, and the youth, falling into the sea, was drowned.



THE THIRD PART OF

ACT V

GLOU. Thy son I kill'd for his presumption.

K. HEN. Hadst thou been kill'd when first thou  
 didst presume,  
 Thou hadst not lived to kill a son of mine.  
 And thus I prophesy, that many a thousand,  
 Which now mistrust no parcel of my fear,  
 And many an old man's sigh and many a widow's,  
 And many an orphan's water-standing eye — 40  
 Men for their sons, wives for their husbands,  
 And orphans for their parents' timeless death —  
 Shall rue the hour that ever thou wast born.  
 The owl shriek'd at thy birth, — an evil sign;  
 The night-crow cried, aboding luckless time;  
 Dogs howl'd, and hideous tempest shook down  
 trees;  
 The raven rook'd her on the chimney's top,  
 And chattering pies in dismal discords sung.  
 Thy mother felt more than a mother's pain,  
 And yet brought forth less than a mother's hope, 50  
 To wit, an indigested and deformed lump,  
 Not like the fruit of such a goodly tree.  
 Teeth hadst thou in thy head when thou wast born,  
 To signify thou camest to bite the world:

38 *mistrust no parcel of my fear*] suspect no particle of the evils which my fears presage.

45 *night-crow*] the night raven. Cf. *Much Ado*, II, iii, 83. Neither the raven nor the crow is a night bird. The reference may be to some sort of owl or to the bittern or the night-jar.

*aboding*] foreboding. Cf. IV, vii, 13, *supra*, "abodements," and *Othello*, IV, i, 21-22, "the raven . . . Boding to all."

47 *rook'd her*] squatted or roosted; *her* is the "dativus ethicus."

And, if the rest be true which I have heard,  
Thou camest —

GLOU. I'll hear no more: die, prophet, in thy speech:

[Stabs him.

For this, amongst the rest, was I ordain'd.

K. HEN. Ay, and for much more slaughter after this.  
O, God forgive my sins, and pardon thee! [Dies. 60

GLOU. What, will the aspiring blood of Lancaster  
Sink in the ground? I thought it would have mounted.  
See how my sword weeps for the poor king's death!

O, may such purple tears be always shed  
From those that wish the downfall of our house!  
If any spark of life be yet remaining,  
Down, down to hell; and say I sent thee thither:

[Stabs him again.

I, that have neither pity, love, nor fear.

Indeed, 't is true that Henry told me of;

For I have often heard my mother say

70

I came into the world with my legs forward:

Had I not reason, think ye, to make haste,

And seek their ruin that usurp'd our right?

The midwife wonder'd, and the women cried

"O, Jesus bless us, he is born with teeth!"

And so I was; which plainly signified

That I should snarl and bite and play the dog.

Then, since the heavens have shaped my body so,

Let hell make crook'd my mind to answer it.

I have no brother, I am like no brother;

80

56 *Thou camest* —] Henry is about to add that Gloucester came into the world with his legs forward, as Gloucester himself states at line 71, *infra*.

And this word "love," which greybeards call divine,  
Be resident in men like one another,  
And not in me: I am myself alone.  
Clarence, beware; thou keep'st me from the light:  
But I will sort a pitchy day for thee;  
For I will buz abroad such prophecies  
That Edward shall be fearful of his life,  
And then, to purge his fear, I'll be thy death.  
King Henry and the prince his son are gone:  
Clarence, thy turn is next, and then the rest, 90  
Counting myself but bad till I be best.  
I'll throw thy body in another room,  
And triumph, Henry, in thy day of doom.  
[Exit, with the body.]

## SCENE VII — LONDON

## THE PALACE

*Flourish. Enter KING EDWARD, QUEEN ELIZABETH, CLARENCE,  
GLOUCESTER, HASTINGS, a Nurse with the young Prince, and  
Attendants*

K. EDW. Once more we sit in England's royal throne,  
Re-purchased with the blood of enemies.  
What valiant foemen, like to autumn's corn,  
Have we mow'd down in tops of all their pride!  
Three Dukes of Somerset, threefold renown'd  
For hardy and undoubted champions;  
Two Cliffords, as the father and the son;

85 *I will sort . . . thee*] I will choose, or provide, a black day for thee.  
Cf. *Rich. III*, II, ii, 148-150: "I'll sort occasion . . . To part the  
queen's proud kindred from the king."

And two Northumberlands; two braver men  
Ne'er spurr'd their coursers at the trumpet's sound;  
With them, the two brave bears, Warwick and Mon-  
tague, 10  
That in their chains fetter'd the kingly lion,  
And made the forest tremble when they roar'd.  
Thus have we swept suspicion from our seat,  
And made our footstool of security.  
Come hither, Bess, and let me kiss my boy,  
Young Ned, for thee, thine uncles and myself  
Have in our armours watch'd the winter's night,  
Went all afoot in summer's scalding heat,  
That thou mightst repossess the crown in peace:  
And of our labours thou shalt reap the gain. 20

GLOU. [*Aside*] I'll blast his harvest, if your head  
were laid;  
For yet I am not look'd on in the world.  
This shoulder was ordain'd so thick to heave;  
And heave it shall some weight, or break my back:  
Work thou the way, — and thou shalt execute.  
K. EDW. Clarence and Gloucester, love my lovely  
queen;  
And kiss your princely nephew, brothers both.

10 *two brave bears*] a reference to the well-known badge of the bear and the ragged staff borne by the house of Warwick and afterwards by Queen Elizabeth's favourite, the Earl of Leicester. Cf. *2 Hen. VI*, V, i, 144, where York likewise calls Warwick and his brother "two brave bears," and mentions the shaking of their chains.

23 *to heave*] in order to lift heavy weights.

25 *Work . . . execute*] Gloucester first touches his head, and then looks down at his hand.

THIRD PART OF KING HENRY VI ACT V

CLAR. The duty that I owe unto your majesty  
I seal upon the lips of this sweet babe.

Q. ELIZ. Thanks, noble Clarence; worthy brother,  
thanks. 30

GLOU. And, that I love the tree from whence thou  
sprang'st,

Witness the loving kiss I give the fruit.

[*Aside*] To say the truth, so Judas kiss'd his master,  
And cried, "all hail!" when as he meant all harm.

K. EDW. Now am I seated as my soul delights,  
Having my country's peace and brothers' loves.

CLAR. What will your grace have done with  
Margaret?

Reignier, her father, to the King of France  
Hath pawn'd the Sicils and Jerusalem,

And hither have they sent it for her ransom. 40

K. EDW. Away with her, and waft her hence to  
France.

And now what rest but that we spend the time

With stately triumphs, mirthful comic shows,

Such as befits the pleasure of the court?

Sound drums and trumpets! farewell sour annoy!

For here, I hope, begins our lasting joy. [*Exeunt.*]

39 *the Sicils*] the two kingdoms of Sicily, *viz.*, Naples and Sicily. Cf.  
I, iv, 122, *supra*.

40 *it*] the sum for which the kingdoms were pawned.

43 *triumphs*] public festivities.





[





